



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

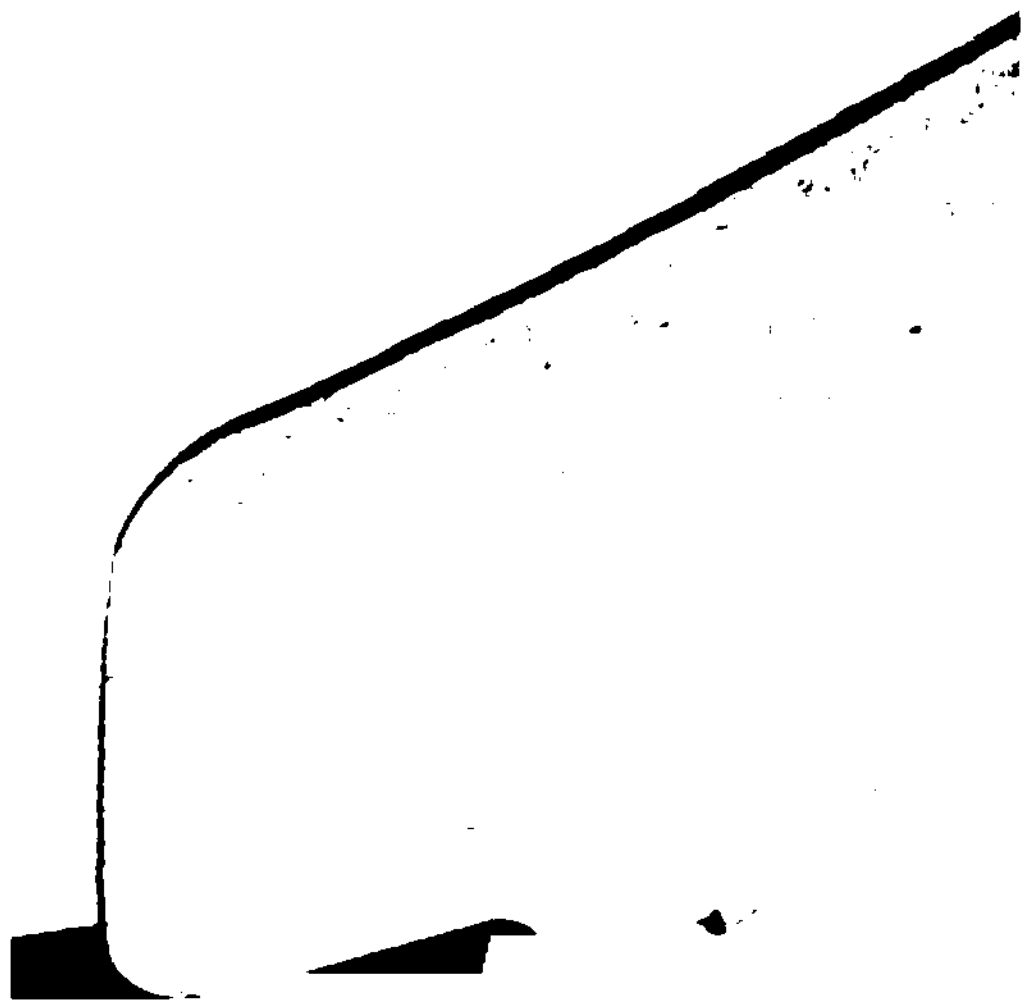
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





(Whittingh
Shakespeare





SEVEN VOLUMES.
WITH
Over and Thirty Embellishments;
A
LIFE OF THE POET;
THE
FACE BY DR. JOHNSON; *
AND
A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

VOL. VII.
PERICLES.
KING LEAR.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET



Last scene of all,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Whittingham's Edition.

CHISWICK:

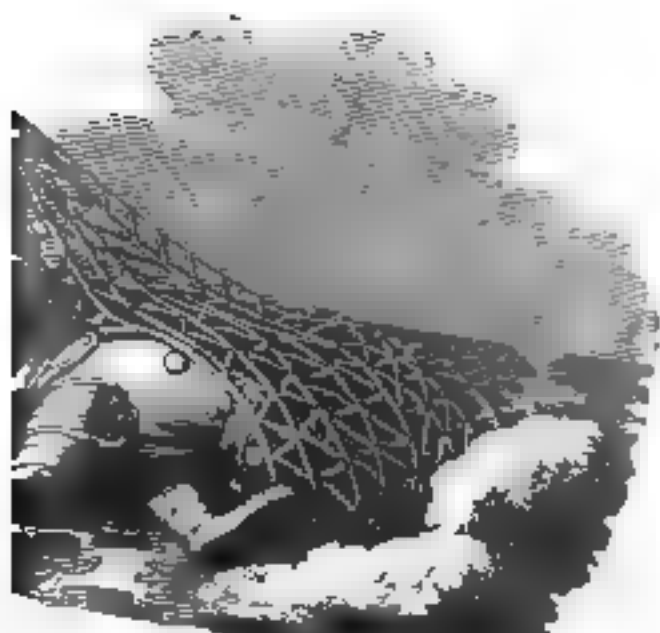
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

SOLD BY CARPENTER AND SON; J. CARR;
SHARPE AND HAILES; GALE, CURTIS, AND VERNY
R. JENNINGS; AND J. MARTIN; LONDON.

1814.

90538B

MOLES,
PRINCE OF TYRE.



in whom the father living took,
d her to incest did provoke :
d father! to entice his own
evil, should be done by none.
custom, what they did begin,
is, with long use, account no sin.
e beauty of this sinful dame,
de many princes thither frame,
seek her as a bedfellow,
marriage-pleasures playfellow :
rich to prevent, he made a law
o keep her still, and men in awe),
at whoso ask'd her for his wife,
e riddle told not, lost his life :
for her many a wight did die,
yon grim looks do testify.
ow ensues, to the judgment of your eye
my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

NE 1. ANTIOCH. A Room in the Palace.

er ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Young prince of Tyre, you have at large re-

from thence
and testy wrath
her mild companion.

It made me man, and sway in love,
inflamm'd desire in my breast,
the fruit of yon celestial tree,
the adventure, be my helps,
and servant to your will,
such a boundless happiness!

Pericles,——

It would be son to great Antiochus.
Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
the fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
like dragons here affright thee hard:
like heaven, enticeth thee to view
glory, which desert must gain:
without desert, because thine eye
reach, all thy whole heap must die.
The famous princes, like thyself,
port, advent'rous by desire,
speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
discovering, save yon field of stars,
and martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
the cheeks advise thee to desist,
Death's act, whom none resist.

PERICLES.

ACT 1.

My riches to the earth, from whence they came ;
 it my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus]
 am ready for the way of life or death,
 wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
 giving advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion, then ;
 which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 those before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous !
 all, save that, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Take a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 or ask advice of any other thought
 it faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no taper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed :
 I sought a husband, in which labour,
 I found that kindness in a father.
 He's father, son, and husband mild,
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you.*

My physic is the last : but, O you powers !
 that give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
 in glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the Hand of the Princess]
 are not this gloriousasket stor'd with ill :
 but I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;
 for he's no man on whom perfections wait,
 that knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 you're a fair viol, and your senses the strings :
 he, *Sage*'d to make man his lawful music,
 and draw heaven down, and all the gods to hear
 being play'd upon before your time,
 why danceth at so harsh a chime :
 with, I care not for you.
 Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life

within our law,
rest. Your time's expir'd;
now, or receive your sentence.
ing,
near the sins they love to act;
and yourself too near for me to tell it.
book of all that monarchs do,
so secure to keep it shut, than shown;
repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
lost in others' eyes, to spread itself;
yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
the breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
to stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
up'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
by man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't,
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the
meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside*] Young prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt Ant. his Daugh. and Attend.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,

PERICLES.

Were it certain, you were not so bad,
In foul incest to abuse your soul;
Now you're both a father and a son,
Your untimely claspings with your child
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father);
She an eater of her mother's flesh,
The defiling of her parent's bed;
Both like serpents are, who though they feed
Sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Adieu, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Shun not in actions blacker than the night,
The sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Y, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
mean

To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

My lord,

Thal.

'Tis done.

SCENE II. TYRE. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us. Why this charge of thought
The sad companion dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me grief)
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me,—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he is so great, can make his will his act),
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence.
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

PERICLES.

I make him blush in being known
To course by which it might be known
Forces he'll o'erspread the land,
The onset of war will look so huge,
I shall drive courage from the state;
I vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
I'll punish'd, that ne'er thought of sin:
Of them, not pity of myself
No more but as the tops of trees,
Not the roots they grow by, and defend them,
With my body pine, and soul to languish,
I wish that before, that he would punish.
Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Al and comfortable!

Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
Tongue.
Do abuse the king, that flatter him:
attery is the bellows blows up sin;
thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
s kings, as they are men, for they may err.
hen signor Booth here does proclaim a peace,
e flatters you, makes war upon your life:
rince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
cannot be much lower than my knee.

Per. All leave us else, but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what landing's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what wert thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

Per.
To take thy life.

Thou know'st I have power

Bring arms to princes, and to subjects
Her face was to mine eye beyond all
The rest (hark in thine ear), as black
Which by my knowledge found, the
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night
Who seem'd my good protector; and
Bethought me what was past, what mine
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' frowns
Decrease not, but grow faster than the sun
And should he doubt it (as no doubt
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were
To keep his bed of blackness unalaid
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
And make pretence of wrong that I have done
When all, for mine, if I may call't off
Must feel war's blow, who spares not
Which love to all (of which thyself art one)
Who now reprov'st me for it)

erlook
on,
anus, thou
is?

pwns,

on, from

power

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for awhile,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. TYRE. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. I
must I kill king Pericles; and, if I do not, I am
be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

RICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

I shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Question of your king's departure.

Commission, left in trust with me,

Is sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

How! the king gone!

[Aside:

If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch——

Thal.

What from Antioch? [Aside.

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not),
Took some displeasure at him: at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

[Aside.

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—

But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt

SCENE IV.

THARSUS. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza; shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand),
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jettied and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our char
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

...up their babes,
too curious, are ready now,
the darlings whom they lov'd.
Fanger's teeth, that man and wife
who first shall die to lengthen life:
a lord, and there a lady weeping;
sink, yet those which see them fall,
e strength left to give them burial:
rue?

• cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.
t those cities, that of Plenty's cup
prosperities so largely taste,
superfluous riots, hear those tears!
of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

here's the lord governor?

• sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
is too far for us to expect.
have descried, upon our neighbouring
• ships make hitherward.
at as much.
• ver comes, but brings an heir,
and as his inheritance.

ERICLES.

ACT 1.

ce him 's untutor'd to repeat,
how, means most deceit.
y will, what need we fear?
, and we are half way there.
e attend him here,
omes, and whence he comes,

[Exit.
ce, if he on peace consist;
to resist.

LES, *with Attendants.*

for so we hear you are,
umber of our men,
to amaze your eyes.
iseries as far as Tyre,
of your streets:
rrow to your tears,
their heavy load;
a happily may think
rse, war-stuff'd within,
pecting overthrow,
o make your needy bread,
o are hunger-starv'd, half dead.
eece protect you!

Die: I have you now.



Enter GOWAR.

1. Here have you seen a mighty king
ild, I wis, to incest bring;
A prince, and benign lord,
wful both in deed and word.
A then, as men should be,
ath pass'd necessity.
Even those in trouble's roign.

ACT 2.

PERICLES.

CLERK; then gives the Messenger a
d Knights him. Exit PERICLES,
severally.

Good Helicone hath staid at home,
At honey, like a drone,
In bad, keep good alive;
To fulfil his prince's desire,
Word of all that hap in Tyre:
Thalard came full bent with sin,
And intent, to murder him;
That in Tharsus was not best
For him to make his rest:
Knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
Now the wind begins to blow,
Under above, and deeps below,
Like such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast
All perishes of man, of self,
No ought escapen but himself;
Till fortune, w'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower: this long's the text.

SCENE 1. PANTAPOLIS An open Place by the Sea-
[F

Enter PERICLES, wet.
Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heav'
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you.
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me be
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wa'r'y
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll co

My you, master!

How thou stirrest now! come away, on
with a wannion.

Alas, master, I am thinking of the poor
cast away before us, even now.

Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear
the cries they made to us, to help them, when,
say, we could scarce help ourselves.

Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw
corpus, how he bounced and tumbled! they say,
are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them, they
ever come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel
how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land; the great ones eat up
the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing
so fitly as to a whale, 'a plays and tumbles, driving the
poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a
mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who
never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole
parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would
have been that day in the bellry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too;
and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept
such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left,
till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again.
But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drowns
that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
That may men approve, or men detect?
Be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them that our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. No wonder afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt be home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw
[Exeunt two of the Fish]

fish. Yes, sir; and he deserves to be so call'd, for
his reign, and good government.
fish. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
wins the name of good, by his government.
fish. How far is his court distant from this shore?
fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell
you he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-
day, and there are princes and knights come from all
parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.
fish. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I wish to make one there.
fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what
I cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's

Enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hang's in the
net, a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly
hold. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis
a rusty armour.
fish. In armour, friends! I pray you. *Enter a third fisherman.*

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence
you had it.

Per. Believ't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best
gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the
court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same. A public Way, or Platform,
leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for
the Reception of the KING, PRINCESS, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;
and stay your coming to present themselves.

now your honour, daughter, to explain
the labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to perserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire
presents his Shield to the PRINCESS.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father :
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per
fuerca.*

[The third Knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word, *Me pompæ proverit apex.*

[The fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down :
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? [himself

Thai. He seems a stranger: but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward
Can any way speak in his just commend: [show
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust,
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.
[Great Shouts, and all cry, *The mean knight!*

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.
Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight, and you
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

ists, art hath thus decreed,
is good, but others to exceed;
For labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the feast
(er, so you are), here take your place:
To rest, as they deserve their grace.

ts. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cales resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so, so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who, can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights.

We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai.

What is it

To me, my father?

Sim.

O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
[Aside.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

And music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

But you the best. [*To Pericles*] Pages and lights, conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,

We have given orders to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. TYRE. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—

Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated and his daughter with him,
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
 you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
 And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election. [censure:

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
 And knowing this kingdom, if without a head
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof),

*Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 Ye thus submit unto,—our sovereign.*

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
 at you love prince Pericles, forbear.

h aged patience bear your yoke.
cannot win you to this love,
like noblemen, like noble subjects,
or search spend your adventurous worth;
you find, and win unto return,
like diamonds sit about his crown.
To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
e lord Helicane enjoineth us,
our travels will endeavour it.
hen you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
ers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

E V. PENTAPOLIS. *A Room in the Palace.*
MONIDES, *reading a Letter*; the Knights meet
him.

ht. Good morrow to the good Simonides.
nights, from my daughter this I let you know,
this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
d life.

on to herself is only known,
om herself by no means can I get.
~~What shall I say to her, my lord?~~

Well, I commend her choice ;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft, here he comes :—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to ye
 For your sweet music this last night : my ears,
 I do protest, were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think
 sir, of
 My daughter ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
 And she'll your scholar be ; therefore, look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [A

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
 But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
 A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per.

Per.

Traitor !

Ay, traitor !

— my thoughts,
or a base descent.
To your court, for honour's cause,
To be a rebel to her state;
That otherwise accounts of me,
Word shall prove he's honour's enemy.

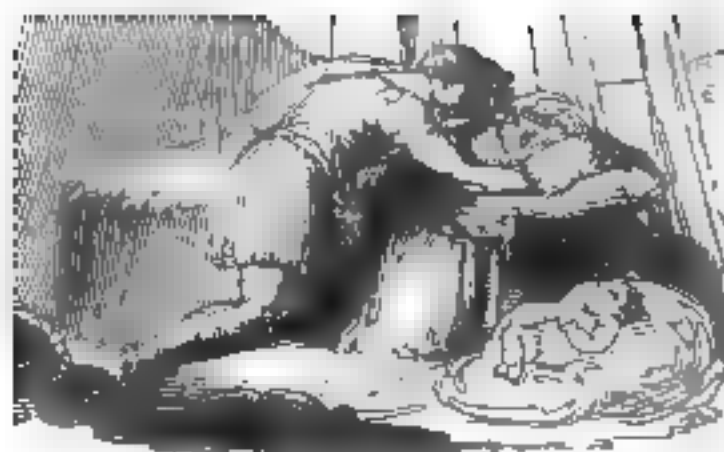
No!—
Comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
To your angry father, if my tongue
Or solicit, or my hand subscribe
A syllable that made love to you?

Why, sir, say if you had,
Takes offence at that would make me glad?
Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I'll do it with all my heart. [*Aside*] I'll tame you;
I'll put you in subjection.—

Without having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
I thought I know to the contrary,
I may be as great in blood as I



Enter GOWER.

*Now asleep yalaked hath the rout;
din hut snores, the house about,
do louder by the o'er-fed breast
this most pompous marriage-feast.
A cat, with eyne of burning coal,
w conches 'fore the mouse's hole;
I crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
the blither for their drowth.
men hath brought the bride to bed,*

THE
MARRIAGE
FEAST

~~He~~ ~~Pericles~~ would not on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none;
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease:
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gau sound,
Our heir apparent is a king
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go
(Omit we all their dole and woe);
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow, half the flood
Hath their keel cut, but fortune's mood
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.

hat ensues in —
for itself, itself perform
relate, action may
ciently the rest convey:
th might not what by me is told.
our imagination hold
stage, the ship, upon whose deck
sea-boat prince appears to speak.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
th wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
the winds command, bid them in brass,
ing call'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'ning,
dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
phureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
w does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomously
ilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
as a whisper in the ears of death,
inheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
nearest patroness, and midwife, gentle
by night, convey thy deity
make swift the passage—

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billo
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath
been observed; and we are strong in earnest. There
fore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear
*No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;*

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper;
 My casket, and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Erit Lychorida*

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatch
 caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. EPHEBUS. A Room in CERIMON'S House

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have
 been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
 Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary
 And tell me how it works. [*To Phil*

[*Exeunt Philemon, Servant, and the
 had been shipwrecked.*

not our husbandry.

Cer.

O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend ;

But immortality attends the former,

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physio, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have

(Together with my practice), made familiar

To me and to my aid, the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus power
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but ever

expressed spirits. I have heard
an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

I said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
rough and woful music that we have,
e it to sound, 'beseech you.

vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
lemen,

queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
thes out of her; she hath not been entranc'd
e five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
life's flower again!

ent.
The heavens, sir,
igh you, inorease our wonder, and set up
fame for ever.

She is alive; behold,
yelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
h Pericles hath lost,
to part their fringes of bright gold;
iamonds of a most raised

ACT 2.

PERICLES.

III. THARSUS. A Room in CLEON'S House.
PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYSEA, LYCHORIDA, and
MARINA.

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
Twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In litigation peace. You, and your lady,
Be up the rest upon you! The gods
Be. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
A glance full wand'ringly on us. O your sweet queen
Dian.

Let the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither.

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so), here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you),
Meet in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should thence make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unconscious shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
- bringing up my child.

~~And~~ ~~the~~ ~~mask~~ ~~of~~ Neptune, and
winds of heaven.

I will embrace
offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
rida, no tears:
to your little mistress, on whose grace
may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

EPHESUS. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
th you in your coffer: which are now
r command. Know you the character?

. It is my lord's.
was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
n my yearning time; but whether there
ed or no, by the holy gods,
t rightly say: But since king Pericles,
ded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
l livery will I take me to,
ver more have lov.

ACT IV.



Enter GOWEN

*Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyro,
Weinon'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
To Deme there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing years must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But check!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown
Even ripe for marriage fight; this woe
Aight Philotes: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:*

...would ~~rich~~ rich and constant pen
all to her mistress Dian; still
as Philoten contends in skill
with absolute Marina: so
with the dove of Paphos might the crow
his feathers white. Marina gets
all praises, which are paid as debts,
and not as given. This so dark
in Philoten all graceful marks,
that Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
the present murderer does prepare
for good Marina, that her daughter
might stand peerless by this slaughter.
He sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
and cursed Dionyza hath
the pregnant instrument of wrath
rest for this blow. The unborn event
do commend to your content:
only I carry winged time
lost on the lame feet of my rhyme;
which never could I so convey,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon.

I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blue
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come,
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: When he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve

...at the least;
for what I have said.

I warrant you, madam.

I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for awhile;
walk softly, do not heat your blood:
I must have a care of you.

Thanks, sweet madam.—

[*Erit Dionyza.*

Wind westerly that blows?

South-west.

When I was born, the wind was north.

Was't so?

My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
'd, good seamen! to the sailors, galling
gly hands with hauling of the ropes;
sping to the mast, endur'd a sea
most burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle
off a canvass-climber: *Ha!* says one,
? and, with a dropping industry,
p from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
er calls, and trebles their confusion.
And when was this?

It was when I was born.

ing creature.
'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly.
a worm against my will,
for it. How have I offended,
ny death might yield her profit, or
ply her danger?

My commission
reason of the deed, but do it.
You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
e a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
ou caught hurt in parting two that fought:
ooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
ady seeks my life; come you between,
ve poor me, the weaker.

I am sworn,

n.
will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

Pirate. Hold, villain!

[Leonine runs away.

Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.]

We lost too much money this mart, by
suchless.

We were never so much out of creatures.
but poor three, and they can do no more
can do; and with continual action are even
as rotten.

Id. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd
every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some
eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.
But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome
o'conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay
with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him
roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.
[Exit Boult.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame
to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commo-
dity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;
therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty
estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.
Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods,
will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend

PERICLES.

Neither is our profession any trade; it's no
 [—but here comes Boult.

the Pirates and Boult, dragging in MARINA.
 Boult. Come your ways. [To Marina]—My masters,
 say she's a virgin?

Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.
 Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this place,
 a see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my
 rust.

Bowd. Boult, has she any qualities?
 Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has
 excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of
 qualities can make her be refused.

Bowd. What's her price, Boult?
 Boult. I cannot be bated one denit of a thousand
 pious.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have
 your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct
 her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her
 entertainment. [Exeunt Pander and Pirates.

Bowd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour
 of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of
 her virginity; and cry, He that will give most, shall have
 her first. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if
 man were as they have been. Get this done as I com-
 mand you

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult.
 Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
 (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates
 (Not enough barbarous), had not overboard
 Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bowd. Why lament you, pretty one?
 Mar. That I am pretty.
 Bowd. Come, the gods have done their part in ye
 Mar. I accuse them not.
 Bowd. You are lit into my hands, where ye
 like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
 To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

A. What would you have me be, an I be not
man?

F. An honest woman, or not a woman.

M. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall
do something to do with you. Come, you are a
foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would
be.

F. The gods defend me!

M. If it please the gods to defend you by men,
men must comfort you, men must feed you, men
lift you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

B. Sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

F. I have cried her almost to the number of her
name. I have drawn her picture with my voice.

B. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the
opinion of the people, especially of the younger

F. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would
bearken to their father's testament. There was
Boult's mouth so watered, that he went to the

will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a trav we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly despise profit, where you have most gain. To that you live as you do, makes pity in your lo Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion that opinion, a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her h these blushes of hers must be quenched with present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must your bride goes to that with shame, which is her to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young o like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be change

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing custom. When nature framed this piece, she thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon and thou hast the harvest out of thine own rep

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder s so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home a night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or water

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? will you go with us?

a piece of slaughter
look'd upon!

I think

in.
rd of all this spacious world,
deed. O lady,
an virtue, yet a princess
rown o'the earth,
are! O villain Leonine,
ion'd too!

to him, it had been a kindness
eat: what canst thou say,
s shall demand his child?
s dead. Nurses are not the fates,
er to preserve.

I'll say so. Who can cross it?
e impious innocent,
attribute, cry out,
lay.

O, go to. Well, well,
beneath the heavens, the gods
st. . . . of those, that think

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me as an enterprize of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn: her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle.

Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
 Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
 Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't, [short;
 Making (to take your imagination);
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language in each several clime,
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
 'To learn of me, who stand i'the gap to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas
 (Attended on by many a lord and knight),
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the Inscription on Marina's Monument]

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth;
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.)

No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered

CENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Broom.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of
she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the
Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must
er get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she
uld do for clients her fitment, and do me the kind-
s of our profession, she has me her quirks, her
sons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees;
t she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should
apen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish
of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers
ests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by
ay to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus,
ised.

t. We should have both lord and lown, if the
baggage would but give way to customers.

—one, sir, if she would——
be her like in Mitylene.
the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst
our knows what 'tis to say, well
rth, call forth.
d blood, sir, white and red, you
the were a rose indeed, if she had
e?
be modest.
the renown of a bawd, no less
port to a number to be chaste.
er MARINA.
at which grows to the stalk;—
n assure you. Is she not a fair
d serve after a long voyage at
ou;—leave us.
ir honour, give me leave: a
presently.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now. If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how this?—Some more;—

the purer air.

I did not think
thou hadst spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As Lysimachus is putting up his Purse, Boulton enters.*]

Boulton. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit Lysimachus.*]

Boulton. How's this? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded
like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boulton. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it. Come you

PERICLES
have no more gentlemen driven away.
says, I say.

Re-enter Baud.
Now now! what's the matter?
Worse and worse, mistress; she has here
only words to the lord Lynmachus.
O abominable!
She makes our profession as it were to stink
in face of the gods.

d. Marry, hang her up for ever!
It. The nobleman would have dealt with her like
a man, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-
flake, saving his prayers too.
and Boul, take her away as cold as a snow-
flake, the glass of her virginity, and make the rest
fleeable.

Boul. An if she were a thornier piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!
Baud. She conjures: away with her. Would she
had never come within my doors! Marry hang you!
She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of
women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity
with rosemary and boys! (Exit Baud.)

Boul. Come, mistress; come your way with me.
Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boul. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
Mar. Pr'ythen tell me one thing first.

Boul. Come now, your one thing.
Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Boul. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or
rather, my mistress.

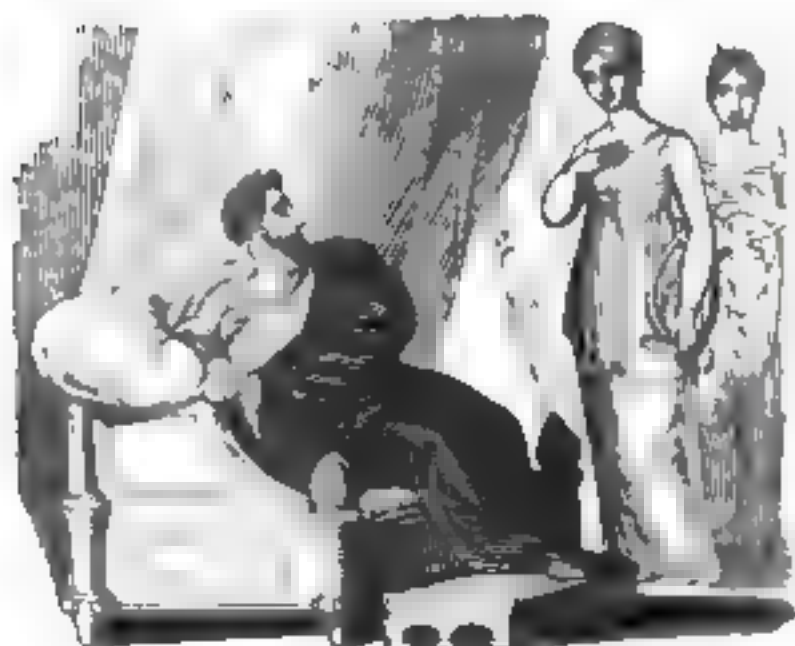
Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pains'd st. find
Of hell would not in reputation change.
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every cogit
That hither comes inquiring for his lib:
To the oboleric fisting of each rogue thy own.

...to the common hangman;
these ways are better yet than this:
which thou professest, a baboon,
but speak, would own a name too dear.
gods would safely from this place.

! Here, here is gold for thee.
master would gain ought by me,
that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
undertake all these to teach.
but this populous city will
scholars.

Can you teach all this you speak of?
That I cannot, take me home again,
Take me to the basest groom
To visit your house.
Oh, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can, I will.
Amongst honest women?
Oh, my dear...

ACT V.



Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her need compass
Nature's own shape, of bed, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lack she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Supposes him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whet
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners able, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

*...recovered on a Couch. A Barge lying beside
TYRIAN Vessel.*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the TYRIAN Vessel,
the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve
you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O here he is.——

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly. [The Gentlemen and the two

Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the
TYRIAN Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,

Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,

And die as I would do.

Lys.

You wish me well.

*Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.*

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat ;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then ?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir : [*Pericles discovered*] this was
a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail ! the gods preserve you ! Hail,
Hail, royal sir !

Hel. It is in vain ; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd ;
She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—*

Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

ould d
would
our prov
eat to kno
ing's sorrow

I am prevented
er, from the Barge

Lys.
The lady that I sent for
Is't not a goodly presence
Hel.

Lys. She's such, that
Of gentle kind, and no
No better choice, and
Fair one, all goodness
Expect even here, who
If that thy prosperous
Can draw him but to a
Thy sacred physic shall
As thy desires can wish

Mar.
My utmost skill in his
Provided none but I a
Be suffer'd to come ne

Lys.
And the gods make he

Lys.
Mar. No, nor look'

Lys.
Mar. Hail, sir! my

Per. Hum! ha!
Mar.

My lord, that ne'er be
But have been gaz'd on
My lord, that, may be,
Might equal yours, if b
Though wayward fortune

Hail,

you.
durst wager,

well bethought.

any
more,
en'd parts,

est,
within
not

of the attendant Lords—
the Barge of Lysimachus
yet nothing we'll omit

But, since your kindness
let us beseech you further,
provision have,
state for want,
etc.

My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*]

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
 You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
 I pray you turn your eyes again upon me.—
 You are like something that—What countrywoman?
 Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
 My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
 My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
 Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
 As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
 The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
 You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
 And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
 You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
 'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
 Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace,
 For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
 And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends
 Hadst thou not say, when I did push thee back

Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient:
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?—Well, speak on. Where were you born,
And wherefore call'd Marina?

PERICLES.

Call'd Marina,

At sea.

At sea? Thy mother?
ther was the daughter of a king;
very minute I was born,
arso Lychorida hath oft
ping.

O, stop there a little!
arest dream that e'er dull sleep
ad fools withal: this cannot be.

[bred?

er's buried. [Aside] Well:—where were you
a more, to the bottom of your story,
interrupt you.

[o'er.

on'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give
will believe you by the syllable
you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
me you in these parts? where were you bred?
The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
uel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
seek to murder me: and having woo'd
main to attempt it, who having drawn,
aw of pirates came and reasoned me;
ught me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
either will you have me? Why do you weep? It may
a think me an imposter; no, good faith;
in the daughter to king Pericles.
good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel.

Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

I know not; but

Hel.

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys.

Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;

... is Marina.—
... name? tell me but that,
can never be confirm'd enough,
doubts did ever sleep.

First, sir, I pray,

our title?

in Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
rest thou hast been godlike perfect),
d queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
er life to Pericles thy father.

it no more to be your daughter, than
mother's name was Thaisa?

my mother, who did end,

I began.

y, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.

th garments. Mine own, Helicanus

Tharsus, as she should have been,

son), she shall tell thee all;

halt kneel, and justify in knowledge.

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyelids ; let me rest. *[He sleeps.]*

Lys. A pillow for his head ;

[The Curtain before the Pavilion of Per. is closed.]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt Lys. Hel. Mar. and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES on the Deck asleep ; DIANA appearing to him as in a Vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :

'To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. *[Diana disappears.]*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. *Sir.*

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am

For other service first : toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails ; estsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[To Helicanus.]

*Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
and give you gold for such provision
our intents will need?*

Now our sands are almost run ;
little, and then done.
my last boon, give me
th kindness must relieve me),
u aptly will suppose
ageantry, what feats, what shows,
iustrelsy, and pretty din,
ent made in Mitylin,
; the king. So he has thriv'd,
is promis'd to be wiv'd
Marina; but in no wise,
ad done his sacrifice,
bade: whereto being bound,
rim, pray you, all confound.
r'd briefness sails are fill'd,
ies fall out as they're will'd.
us, the temple see,
, and all his company.
an hither come so soon,

PERICLES.

Thais, at Pentapolis.
 childbed died she, but brought forth
 a child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 get thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
 was'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 ought to murder, but her better stars
 light her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 'g, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 ere, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 is known herself my daughter.
 'hai.

Voices and favour!—
 Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentle-
 men!

Per. You are—O royal Pericles!—
 Cer. Noble sir,
 I you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend applier, no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
 Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
 Cer. Early, one blast'ring morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
 Hero in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?
 Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
 Whither I invite you. Look! Thais is
 Recover'd.

Thais. O, let me look!
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense breed no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thais!
 Thais. That Thais am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd.
 Per. Immortal Dian!
 Thais. Now I know you!

Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai.

'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that
From first to last resolve you. [can

Per.

Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer.

I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where *shall be shown* you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per.

Pure Diana!

or thy vision, Thine
ations to thee. And now,
the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
her at Pentapolis. And now,
ent that makes me look so dismal,
lov'd Marina, clip to form;
this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.
Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
my father's dead.
Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
that kingdom spend our following days;
n and daughter shall in Tyros reign.
Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
ar the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gowen.
ow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
monstrous lust the due and just reward:
Pericles, his queen and daughter, soon
lthough assail'd with fortune fierce and keen),
irtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
ed on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
A Helicanus may you well descry
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity eye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[Exit Gowen.]

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.

...U L E A R.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of Britain.

of France.

of Burgundy.

of Cornwall.

of Albany.

of Kent.

of Gloster.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Baron, a Courtier.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

Herald. Cornwall.

SCENE 1. A Room of State in KING LEAR's Palace

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: when upon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state),

and
speak first.

Sir, I
more than words can wield the matter,
—sight, space, and liberty;
can be valued, rich or rare;
no, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
I'd e'er lov'd, or father found,
a kinner of so much I love you.

What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[Aside.
All these bounds, even from this line to this,
My forests and with champains rich'd,
My rivers and wide-skirted meads,
Thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
I'll be true. What says our second daughter,
That Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
I am made of that self metal as my sister,
I'll match me at her worth. In my true heart
I name my very deed of love;
Which comes too short,—that I profess
Myself enemy to all other joys,
Which the square of sense possesses;

ACT 1.

ing: speak again.
ot heave
our majesty
, nor less.
d your speech a little,

Good, my lord,
'd me: I
ight fit,
onour you.
if they say,
n I shall wed,
e my plight, shall carry
y care, and duty:
ay sisters,

heart?

Ay, good, my lord.
ender?

nd true.
uth then be thy dower:
f the sun;
l the night;
orbs,
l cease to be;
nal care,
d

the turns. Only we still retain
e additions to a king;

of the rest,
rs: which to confirm,
ween you. [Giving the Crown.
Royal Lear,

nour'd as my king,
my master follow'd,
ought on in my prayers,—
t and drawn, make from the shaft.
er, though the fork invade
t: be Kent unmannerly,
What wouldst thou do, old man?
I shall have dread to speak,
bows? To plainness honour's

folly. Reverse thy doom;
ration, check
answer my life my judgment,
does not love thee least;
rted, whose low

[Laying his hand on his sword]
Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear);
Our potency make good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou

and told her so ;
fall'n : Sir, there she stands ;
little, seeming substance,
displeasure piec'd,
as fitly like your grace,
yours.

I know no answer.

firmities she owes,
ad to our hate,
and stranger'd with our oath,

Pardon me, royal sir ;
a such conditions.
sir ; for, by the power that

—For you, great king,
[To France.

re make such a stray,
to ; therefore beseech you
re worthier way,
ature is asham'd
re.

If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend
'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me bet
France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,

dy.

*Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall,
Gloster, and Attendants.*

ell to your sisters.

our father, with wash'd eyes

I know you what you are ;

most loath to call

are nam'd. Use well our father :

soms I commit him :

within his grace,

a better place.

th.

us our duties.

Let your study

ord ; who hath receiv'd you

ou have obedience scanted,

ie want that you have wanted.

old what plaited cunning hides ;

set shame them down.

sh; then must we look to receive from his age, none the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together, if our father carry authority with such dispositions he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the EARL of GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

How now? what news?

our lordship, none.

[Putting up the Letter.

stly seek you to put up that letter?

ews, my lord.

were you reading?

lord.

ded then that terrible despatch

? the quality of nothing hath not

elf. Let's see: Come, if it be

ed spectacles.

, sir, pardon me: it is a letter

I have not all o'er-read; for so

, I find it not fit for your over-

er, sir.

ither to detain or give it. The

derstand them, are to blame.

9.

rother's justification, he wrote

ste of my virtue.

y, and reverence of age. make

t of our si.

and brain to breed it in?—When

Who brought it?

m. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the
ing of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of
oset.

. You know the character to be your brother's?

m. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear
re his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think
re not.

. It is his.

m. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart
in the contents.

. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this
ess?

m. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him
ain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers
ning, the father should be as ward to the son, and
on manage his revenue.

. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the
!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish
n! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll
hend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

m. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please
o suspend your indignation against my brother,
ou can derive from him better testimony of his
, you shall run a certain course; where, if you
ntly proceed against him, mistaking his purpose,
uld make a great gap in your own honour, and
in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare
down my life for him, that he hath writ this to
y affection to your honour, and to no other pre-
of danger.

. Think you so?

m. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you
you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auri-
ssurance have your satisfaction; and that without
her delay than this very evening.

He cannot be such a monster.

Nor is not, sure.

his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves

yet nature finds itself scourged
: love cools, friendship falls off,
ties, mutinies; in countries, dis-
eason: and the bond cracked
. This villain of mine comes
there's son against father: the
nature; there's father against
the best of our time: Machina-
bery, and all ruinous disorders,
our graves!—Find out this
lose thee nothing; do it care-
d true-hearted Kent banished!
range, strange! [Exit.
ellent foppery of the world!
fortune (often the surfeit of
ake guilty of our disasters, the
tars: as if we were villains,
avenly compulsion; knaves,
y spherical predominance;
erers, by an enforced obedi-
; and all that we are evil in,
An admirable evasion

like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, so, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

SCENE III.

DUKE of ALBANY's Palace.

NERIL and STEWARD.

Or strike my gentleman for chiding

Right! he wrongs me; every hour
Of crime or other,
Is: I'll not endure it:
He upbraids us
When he returns from hunting,
Saying; say, I am sick:—
For my services,
No fault of it I'll answer.
Madam; I hear him.

[Horns within]
Early negligence you please,
I'd have it come to this.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him, that is honest; to converse with him, that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

, I will not part from thee yet.—
Where's my knave? my fool? Go
hither:

ter STEWARD.

re's my daughter?

l,—

[Exit.
e fellow there? Call the clotpoll
l, ho?—I think the world's asleep.
that mongrel?

y lord, your daughter is not well.
ot the slave back to me, when I

ver'd me in the roundest manner,

t!

know not what the matter is;
your highness is not entertained
i affection as you were

call hither.

Re-enter Sir

1. Sir, you sir, come you hither:

2. My lady's father.

3. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whore-
dog! you slave! you cur!

4. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you,
on me.

5. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
[Tripping up his Heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll
love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away: I'll teach you differ-
ences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's
length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wis-
dom? so.

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's
earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent Money.]

Eater Fool.
Fool. Let me hire him too.—Here's my coxcomb.
[Giving Kent his Cap.]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of
favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits,
thou'll catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb;

Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters,
and the third a blessing against his will; if thou
must needs wear my coxcomb.—How

I had two coxcombs, and two

And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer;
you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of
nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of
nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his
land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [To Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between
a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

wast born with.

ent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

ool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me;
had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:
ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to
elf; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle,
I'll give thee two crowns.

ear. What two crowns shall they be?

ool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and
up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When
I clovest thy crown in the middle and gavest away
the parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the
world: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when
thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like
a fool in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year ; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish ;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

ear. When were you wont to be so full of songs,
fool?

ool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest
me a fool. For when thou gavest them

~~nothing~~; now thou art an O
me? I am better than thou art now; I am
t nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my
our face [*To Goneril*] bids me, though you

Mum, mum,
that keeps nor crest nor crum,
ary of all, shall want some.
I'd peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*
only, sir, this your all-hoens'd fool,
your insolent retinue
rp and quarrel; breaking forth
not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
by making this well known unto you,
I a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
self too late have spoke and done,
set this course, and put it on
ance; which if you should, the fault
pe censure, nor the redresses sleep:
under of a wholesome weal,
working do you that offence,
to shame, that then necessity
it proceeding.

g she dog-

depend,
our age,

Darkness and devils!—
together.—
able thee;

and your disorder'd rabble

ANY.

repents,—O, sir, are you

Speak, sir.—Prepare my

arted fiend,
ow'st thee in a child,

y, sir, be patient.

it stamp
a saddest tears fret
all her mother's pain
laughter and contempt,
sharper than a serpent,
were a thankless child!

Now, gods, that we
Never afflict yourself
let his disposition have the
damage gives it.

Re-enter I

What, fifty of my fol
a fortnight?

What's
I'll tell thee.—
that thou hast power to

~~small~~ small fault,
in Cordelia show!

engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
place; drew from my heart all love,
he gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
e, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his Head.*
ndgment out!—Go, go, my people.
d, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
nov'd you.

y be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear ;
hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
end to make this creature fruitful!

convey sterility!

he organs of increase ;
erogate body never spring
r her! If she must teem,
of spleen ; that it may live,
disnatur'd torment to her!
akles in her brow of youth ;
s fret channels in her cheeks ;
er's pains, and benefits,
ontempt ; that she may feel

mented wounding—
every sense about thee—
p this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
ast you, with the waters that you lose,
aper clay—Ha! is it come to this?
it be so:—Yet have I left a daughter,
o, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
en she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
I'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
at I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[Exit Lear, Kent, and Attendants.]

Gen. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, General,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gen. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[To the Fool]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Is sure to the slaughter,
And buy a halter;

—A!

re.' Get you gone ;
n. [*Erit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
, and course of yours,
not, yet, under pardon,
task'd for want of wisdom,
ful mildness.
eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;
we mar what's well.

ie event.

[*Exeunt.*

Court before the same.

AR, KENT, and Fool.

re to Gloster with these letters :
r no further with any thing you
m her demand out of the letter :
ot speedy, I shall be there before

n tell why a snail has

n; not to give it away
orns without a case.

.—So kind a father!—

out 'em. . The reason
than seven, is a pretty

ght?

ldst make a good fool.
orce!—Monster ingra-

nuncle, I'd have thee
ime.

been old, before thou

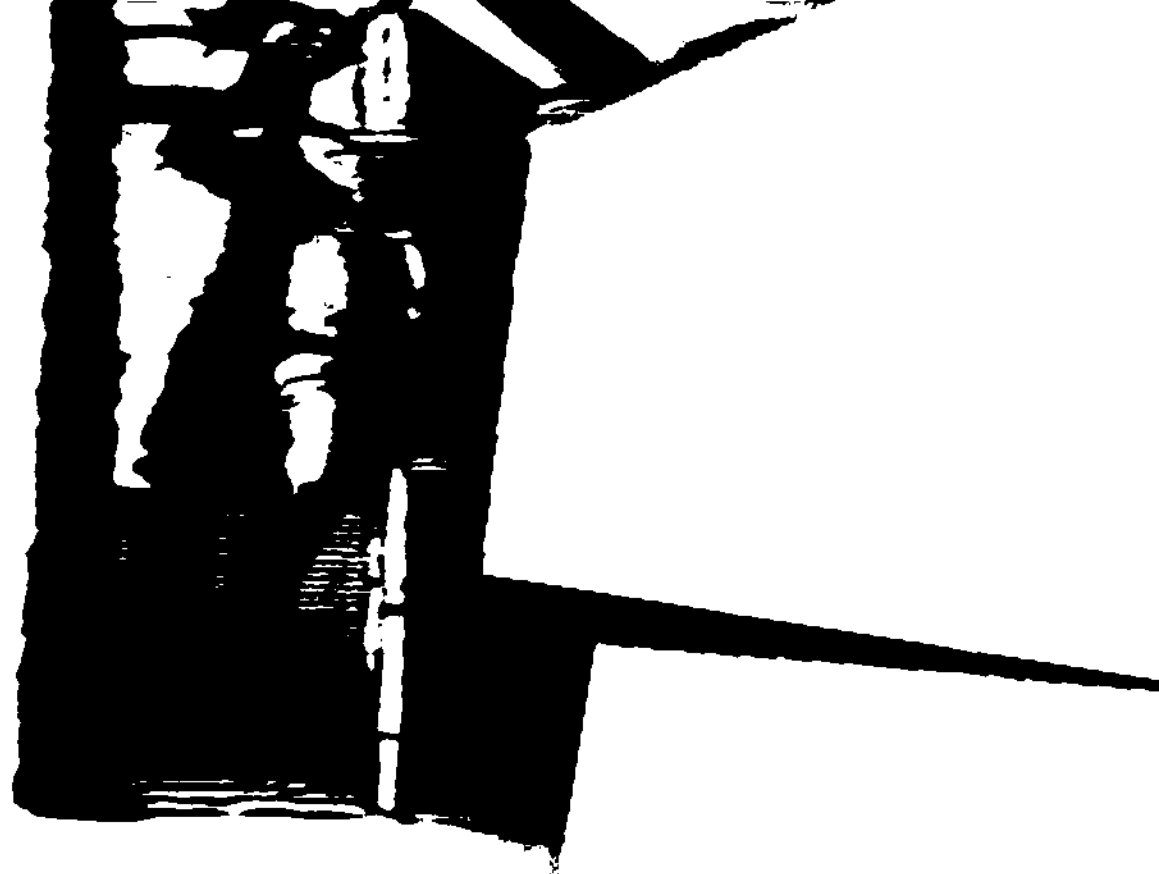
ot mad, sweet heaven!
t be mad!—

man.

?

and laughs at my de-

things be cut shorter.
[Exeunt.



Heart within the

Enter EDMUND

Edm. Save thee, Co
Edm. And you, sir.

Edm. Given him notice,
Edm. his duchess, wi

Edm. How comes t
Edm. Nay, I know not

Edm. ; I mean, the
Edm. ear-kissing argument

Edm. Not I; 'Pray
Edm. Have you be

Edm. and the dukes of C
Edm. Not a w

Edm. You may

Edm. The del
Edm. is waves in



SCENE I.

Castle of the EARL of GLOSTER.

AND and CURAN, meeting.

AND.

I have been with your father;
that the duke of Cornwall, and
ill he have with him to-night



...ar, my time
ere you are hid;
advantage of the night:—
gainst the duke of Cornwall?
ow, i'the night, i'the haste,
have you nothing said
the duke of Albany?

m sure on't, not a word.
ther coming,—Pardon me:—
raw my sword upon you:—
nd yourself: Now quit you well.
e my father;—Light, ho, here!—
ches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[Exit Edgar.]

on me would beget opinion
[Wounds his Arm.
endeavour: I have seen drunkards
s in sport.—Father! Father!
elp?

TER, and Servants with Torches.
mund, where's the villain?
ood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
icked charms, conjuring the moon
spicious mistress:—

But where is he?

, sir, I bleed.

Where is the villain, Edmund?
his way, sir. When by no means he could—
e him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Servant]
means,—what?
the murder of your lordship;

...the duke's
...suddenly be
...in this land
...found—Des
...worthy arch
...authority
...which find
...the murder
...conceals hi
...When I di
...him pig
...d to dis
...possessing
...stand again
...trust, virtue,
...thy words faith
...I would: ay,
...character),
...suggestion, pl
...must make
...not thought the
...very pregnant and
...make thee seek it.
...I could be deny his
...the duke's
...parts I'll be
...the duke
...will send for

the noise I made,

Let him fly far:
he remain uncaught;
1.—The noble duke my master,
patron, comes to-night:
I'll proclaim it,
him, shall deserve our thanks,
us ooward to the stake;
, death.
aded him from his intent,
to do it, with curst speech
er him: He replied,
terd! dost thou think,
st thee, would the reposal
r worth, in thee
d? No: what I should deny
though thou didst produce
'd turn it all

Glo. I know not, madam :
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How is my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

home; the several messengers
despatch. Our good old friend,
in bosom; and bestow
all to our business,
constant use.

I serve you, madam:
at welcome. [Exeunt.

Before GLOSTER's Castle.

and STEWARD, severally.

Sing to thee, friend: Art of the house?

we set our horses?

thou love me, tell me.
not.

care not for thee.
as in Tinsbury minstrel's * * *



they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
se kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
bour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
in twenty silly ducking observants,
it stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
der the allowance of your grand aspect,
iose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
flickering Phœbus' front,—

Jorn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
nd so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer : he that
guiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave ;
ich, for my part, I will not be, though I should win
ir displeasure to entreat me to it.

Jorn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any :

pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
en he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
pp'd me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,
d put upon him such a deal of man,

... Come, bring away the stocks.
Each your grace not to do so:
And the good king his master
t: your purpos'd low correction
d contemn'd st wretches,
most common trespasses,
the king must take it ill,
valued in his messenger,
is restrain'd.

I'll answer that.
I'll receive it much more worse,
than abus'd, assaulted,
sairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*
; away. [*Exeunt Reg. and Corn.*
for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's

Ill the world well knows,
nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.
... I ...


Does not exceed my thinking.

I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and morted bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turligood! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from
home,
And not send back my messenger.



ins; and men by the legs: when a
legs, then he wears wooden nether

that hath so much thy place mistook

It is both he and she,
ktor.

ey would not
have.

, I swear, no.

swear, ay.

not do't;

ld not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
such violent outrage:

I modest haste, which way



Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor,—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hystericæ passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's *not a nose among twenty*, but can smell him that's *stinking*. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; *but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after*. When a wise man gives thee better counsel,

~~— the same.~~
arry ; the fool will stay,
he wise man fly :
turns fool, that runs away ;
no knave, perdy.
arn'd you this, fool ?
stocks, fool.

or LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

peak with me ? They are sick ? they
?
! hard to-night ? Mere fetches ;
olt and flying off !
answer.

My dear lord,
quality of the duke ;
and fix'd he is

! plague ! death ! confusion !—
! Why, Gloster, Gloster,
ke of Cornwall, and his wife.
nd lord, I have inform'd them so.

ould he sit here? This act persuades me,
at this remotion of the duke and her
practice only. Give me my servant forth:
, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
w, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Erit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
is, when she put them i'the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em
he coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons,*
wn: "Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his
rse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at Liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad.

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg.

O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

The o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

herein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets with sound.]

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Enter STEWARD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,
that she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
wells in the fickle grace of her he follows :—
Hut, varlet, from my sight!

Corn.

What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good
hope

you didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

you do love old men, if your sweet sway
allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
I am not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

[To Goneril]

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan.
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg.

Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear.

Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?

Yes, or so many? with that both charge and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,

Should many people, under two commands,

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
from those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,
When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;
[*To Goneril.*

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need !
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
*If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags.*

weeping; but this heart,
a hundred thousand flaws,
:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.
withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[Storm heard at a distance.
This house

nan and his people cannot

'Tis his own blame; he hath put
and must needs taste his folly.
rticular, I'll receive him gladly,
er.

So am I purpos'd.
if Gloster?

Enter GLOSTER.

ie old man forth:—he is return'd.
n high rage.

Whither is he going?
orse; but will I know not whither.
give him way; he leads himself
eat him



4 Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter
man, meeting.

oul weather?

weather, most unquietly.

...the king?

froful element:

into the sea,

over the main,

base - tears his white hair

with eyeless rage,

nothing of

man, to out-score

ind and rain.

drawn bear would couch,

red wolf

...the board
must the
control, power

true it is,
 that scolding
 as in our
 sense of our
 show their op
 in my credit y
 make your spee
 that will thank
 more unnatural
 king hath com
 a gentleman of
 from some kn
 office to you.

I will talk for

... confirmation that
... my out-wall, op

and it contains it
war not but you

hear not but you
 will tell you
 do not

But let you do not
and go seek the ki
Give me 30

... Give me 3
... Pen work
... when we

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

have not, that their great stars
(high?) servants, who seem no less;
raunce the spies and speculations
ir state; what hath been seen,
and packings of the dukes;
which both of them have borne
ind king; or something deeper,
nce, these are but furnishings;—
in France there comes a power
kingdom; who already,
gence, have secret feet
st ports, and are at point
n banner.—Now to you:
u dare build so far
d to Dover, you shall find
k you, making just report
nd hemadding sorrow
to plain.
blood and breeding;
nowledge and assurance, offer
urther with you.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
on cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
ill you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
you sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
bunt coursers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
sing my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
that make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is
better than this rain-water out o'door.—Good nuncle,
I, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities
either wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then, let fall
your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
but yet I call you servile ministers,
that have with two pernicious daughters join'd

Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent.

Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in), return, and force
The ſcanted courtesy.

Lear.

My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his
time. (Exit.

SCENE III. A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes: and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed: we must in

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good, my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm,

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's
free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,

For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—

NO, I will weep no more.—In such a night

TO shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—

IN such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—

3.

ea 30

n:
houseless

ep.—
ool goes in.

sides,
feud you

n
p;
; them,

hom and half!
from the Hovel.
s a spirit.



Now
fated o
He had
Death,
such a lowne
the fashion, the
would have thus li
punish
pelican dang
Pillicock sat
halloo, loo, loo, loo
This cold ni
Take heed of th

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. [nature

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.— Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill; Halleo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paragoned the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody

body cold.—Look, here comes a walk-

the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins
walks till the first cock; he gives the
squints the eye, and makes the hare-
white wheat, and hurts the poor crea-

old footed thrice the wold;
night-mare, and her nine-fold:
r alight,
er troth plight,
t thee, witch, aroint thee!
ares your grace?

er GLOSTER, with a Torch.

he?

here? What is't you seek?

you there? Your names?

that eats the swimming frog, the

I have I ventur
bring you wh
Lear. First let
that is the cause
Lear. Good, m
into the house
Lear. I'll talk a
that is your stee
Edg. How to p
Lear. Let me a
Lear. Importa
His wits begin to
Glo.
His daughters ve
the wind it woul
own my st, th
I am almost
Lear outla
that label

Debate my honour.—I call, I shout, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Moth he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good, my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo.

Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—

do beseech your grace,—

Lear.

O, cry you mercy,

noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent.

This way, my lord.

Lear.

With him;

will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good, my lord, sooth him; let him take the

Glo. Take him you on. [fellow.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo.

No words, no words:

Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

**My trust upon thee; and thou shalt find
in my love.** [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

in a Farm-house adjoining the Castle.

ER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

**is better than the open air; take it thank-
piece out the comfort with what addition
ot be long from you.**

**he power of his wits has given way to
:—The gods reward your kindness!**

[Exit Gloster.

**etto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an
ake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and
fiend.**

**ee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman
, or a yeoman?**

;, a king!

**e's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to
e's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a
re him.**

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hedon* cries in Tom's belly, for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To Edgar.]
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, [To the Fool.]
Sit you too. [To Kent.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril, I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!

False justiceer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

...will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Edg. Scam. Come, march to wakes and fairs,
To market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.
Kent. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what
ails about her heart. Is there any cause in nature,
That makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain
you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the
fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Per-
sian attire, but let them be changed. [To Edgar.]

Kent. Now, good, my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Leir. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the cur-
tains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper this morning:
So, so, so.

Post. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king, my
master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent

Lark, lark.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain, Gloster. [Exit some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter STEWARD.

How now? where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[Servants bind him.]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find—
[Regan plucks his Beard.]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitor
Late footed in the kingdom? *[tor]*

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king
Speak.

reg. To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down in his Chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv.

Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. *My will is to see you at Dover.*

so, prevent ...
w?

ster's other Eye, and throws it on
the Ground.

omfortless.—Where's my son Ed-
! the sparks of nature, [murd?

et.
Out, treacherous villain!
that hates thee: it was he
ture of thy treasons to us;
pity thee.

O my follies!

bus'd.—

e me that, and prosper him!
t him out at gates, and let him smell
How is't, my lord? How look you?
ceiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady.—
eless villain;—throw this slave
—Regan, I bleed apace:
me your arm.

... unbind



SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old M. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old M. Fellow, where goest?

Glo.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old M. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

Which made me think a man a worm: My son

Came then into my mind; and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more
since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

Edg.

How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,

Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside*—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old M.

Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, *pr'ythee*, get thee gone: If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I'the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;

Aud bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

him.
e] And yet
y bleed.

W'at thou the way to Dover.
th stile and gate, horse-way and
hath been scared out of his good wits; 2.
man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been
Tom at once, of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbid-
prince of dumbness, Mahu, of stealing, Modo,
who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
en. So, bless thee, master!
lo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

ave humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
takes thee the happier — Heavens, deal so still!
et the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough — Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg.

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Give me thy arm;

[Exit.

That darest
back the
they prove
him
want ch
into my
small p
6. you d
a misch

Boeing
W and
Com
E
C

O
9

It is the cowardish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[Giving a Favour.


Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloucester!

[Exit Edmund.

 , the difference of man, and man! To thee
woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit Steward

ish.
the vile seem vile
What have you done?
e you perform'd?

man,
g'd bear would lick,
rate! have you madded.
r you to do it?

benefited?
their visible spirits
e these vile offences,

prey on itself,
ep.

Milk-liver'd man!
r blows, a head for wrongs;
brows an eye discerning
ny suffering; that not know'st,
ns pity, who are punish'd
their mischief. Where's thy drum?
banners in our noiseless land:
n thy slayer begins threats;
moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
s he so?

See thyself, devil!
ty seems not in the fiend
a woman.

O vain fool!
hanged and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
t thy feature: Were it my fitness

on
not without
pluck'd!

Alb.
I on justicers, the
speedily can
lost he his other
Mess.

This letter, madam,
I'm from your sister
Gen. [Aside] Oh
But being widow, I
May all the building
Upon my hateful li
The news is not so
Alb. Where was he
Mess. Come with

Alb.
Mess. No, my go
Alb. Knows he
Mess. Ay, my

And quit the hon
Might have the
Alb.

... duke of Cornwall's dead ;
went, going to put out
of Gloster.

Gloster's eyes!
ant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
t the act, bending his sword
ster ; who, thereat enrag'd,
nd amongst them fell'd him dead :
t that harmful stroke, which since
im after.

This shows you are above,
hat these our nether crimes
venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
r eye?

Both, both, my lord.—
m, craves a speedy answer ;
ter.
me way I like this well ;
and my Gloster with her.

he reason
ing he left imper
s coming forth is thought
kingdom so much fear and dang
onal return was most requir'd,

no hath he left behind him general?
the Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.
did your letters pierce the queen to any de-
on of grief?
Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my pre-
sence;
ow and then an ample tear trill'd down
elicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
her passion; who, most rebel-like,
ght to be king o'er her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
Gent. Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Gather! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the night?

Gent. A so
Kent. unki
That stripp'd
To foreign
To his dog
His mind
Detains hi
Gent.
Kent.

Gent.
Kent.
And
Will
Wh
Le
Al

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;

rocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
 and all the idle weeds that grow
 staining corn.—A century send forth;
 cry sore in the high-grown field,
 g him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer*].—What
 can man's wisdom do,
 storing his bereaved sense?
 helps him, take all my outward worth.
 There is means, madam:
 ~nurse of nature is repose,
 he lacks, that to provoke in him,
 simples operative, whose power
 the eye of anguish.

All bless'd secrets,
 nublish'd virtues of the earth,
 sth my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
 od man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
 ingovern'd rage dissolve the life
 is the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Madam, news?
 sh powers are marching hitherward
 'is known before, our preparation stands
 ation of them.—O dear father,
 quiness that I go about,
 . great France
 ning, and important tears, bath pitied,
 ambition doth our arms incite,
 dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
 I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
His great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
Let him live ; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with us ;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not
you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what :—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ceiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well

Flo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Flo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

ark, do you hear the sea?

Flo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
your eyes' anguish.

Flo. So may it be, indeed:

methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
t in my garments.

Flo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—

How fearful

d dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

e crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,

ow scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down

ings one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:

... .. the beach

Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, sir? Farewell.—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

CRIO. I DO REMEMBER HOW REBUKEDLY I HAD DONE
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.
The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look,
a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese
will do't.—*There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.*
—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—
i'the clout, i'the clout: bewgh!—Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.

in my beard, ere the black ones were tl
and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and
good divinity. When the rain came
and the wind to make me chatter; wh
would not peace at my bidding; then
there I smelt them out. Go to, they are
words: they told me I was every thing
not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do we
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a ki
When I do stare, see, how the subject
I pardon that man's life: What was thy
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery!]
The wren goes to't, and the small gilder
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bee
Was kinder to his father, than my daug
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, poll-mell, for I lack soldie
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presaget
That minces virtue, and does shake the
To hear of pleasure's name,

The filchew, nor the soiled horse, goes
With a more riotous appetite
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends', there's hell, t
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, t

thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'm not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters sans, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back.

Thou lusty lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Rubes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

ought, sir, of a battle toward.
and vulgar: every one hears that,
sh sound.

But, by your favour,
army?
a speedy foot; the main descry
thought.

I thank you, sir: that's all.
the queen on special cause is here,
n.

I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.
the gods, take my breath from me;
pirit tempt me again,
ease!

Well, pray you, father.
r, what are you?
man, made tame by fortune's blows:
nown and feeling sorrows,
pity. Give me your hand,
biding.

Hearty thanks:
benizon of heaven

Enter STEWARD.

A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
thine was first fram'd flesh
—Thou old unhappy traitor,
uber:—The sword is out
ee.

Now let thy friendly hand
to it. [Edgar opposes.
Wherefore hold'st thou

Edg. I
is doted
is badness
Glo.
Edg. Sit
Let's see his
May be my friend
He had no other way
Leave, gentle way
To know our enemies
Their papers, is more
[Reads] Let more
You have many opportunities
I'll want not, time and
There is nothing done, if
I the prisoner, and
leashed warmth where
place for your labour

And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party;—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then
am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the
loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the
place for your labour.

Your wife (so I would say), and your affectionate servant,
GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—

Plot upon her virtuous husband's life:

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sand.

Edg.
i thy death.

[Exit Edgar]

The king is mad. How shall I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
my huge sorrows? Better I were distract-
ed woe, by wrong imaginations, lose
a knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Give me your hand.

Edg.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend [Exit.

SCENE VII A Tent in the French Camp

LEAR on a Bed, asleep, Physician, Gentleman, and
others, attending. [Enter CORDELLIA and KENT.

Cor O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor chipp'd, but so.

Cor
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off. Be better-suited:

Kent
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent.
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the
king? [To the Physician
seems still.
a nature!

Cor
Phys.

Cor
Thy m
Repair
Have
A
Co
Had
To
Is
W

To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares y
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor.

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did
Sir, do you know

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man :
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is ; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep
not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him : and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

...is conductor of his people.

As 'tis said,

...son of Gloster.

They say, Edgar,
...son, is with the earl of Kent
my.

Report is changeable.
...to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
...apace.

The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
...well, sir.

[Exit.

My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
...or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[Exit.

ces, near DOVER.

S, EDMUND, REGAN,
and others.

his last purpose hold ;
by aught
of alteration,
constant pleasure.
n Officer, who goes out.
ainly miscarried.
dam.

Now, sweet lord,
d upon you :
speak the truth,

n honour'd love.
nd my brother's way
thought abuses you.

For these down
Are not to question
Alb.

With the ancient
Edm. I shall attend
Reg. Sister, you'll
Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient
Gon. O, ho, I know

As they are going on
Edg. If e'er your grace
Hear me one word.
Alb.

[Exit

Edg. Before
if you have

Reg.

Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb.

Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb.

I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
you have victory, let the trumpet sound

Wretched
that will prove
If you miscarry,
old hath so an end,
Fortune love you!
and the letter.

I was forbid it.
let but the herald cry. [Exit.
well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Enter EDMUND.
in view, draw up your powers.
their true strength and forces
;—but your haste

We will greet the time. [Exit.
our sisters have I sworn my love;
other, as the stung
Which of them shall I take?
ther? Neither can be enjoy'd
re: To take the widow,
as mad her sister Goneril;
carry out my side,
ig alive. Now then, we'll use
for the battle; which being done,
uld be rid of him, devise
ig off. As for the mercy
Is to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
and they within our power,
his pardon. for my state
u defend, not to debate. [Exit

--- the two Camps

SCENE III. The British Camp near DOVER.

*Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND;
LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers, Sol-
diers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i'the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

row them—

bring a brand from heaven,
foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
our them, flesh and fell,
weep: We'll see them starve first.
cunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.
, captain; hark.
[Giving a Paper] go, follow them

'and thou; if thou dost
so, thou dost make thy way
Know thou this,—that men
: to be tender-minded
a sword:—Thy great employment
otion; either say, thou'lt do't,
er means.

I'll do't, my lord.
; and write happy, when thou hast del
stantly; and carry it so,
down.
it draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
work, I will do it. [Exit Off

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

you have shown to-day your valiant
: led you well You have the captive
the opposites of this day's strife.
ure them of you; so to use them,
d find their merits and our safety
to determine.

Sir, I thought it fit

need. The
arrels, in the heat, are curs'd
el their sharpness:—

Cordelia, and her father,
r place.

Sir, by your patience,
a subject of this war,
er.

That's as we list to grace him.
pleasure might have been demanded,
poke so far. He led our powers;
nission of my place and person;
mediacy may well stand up,
your brother.

Not so hot:
ace he doth exalt himself,
your advancement.

In my rights,
ed, he compeers the best.
were the most, if he should husband you.
ers do oft prove prophets.

Holla, holla!
as told you so, look'd but a-squint.

man I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gen. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*]

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove*]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that darts approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—

And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl*

Again.

[1 Trumpet.
[2 Trumpet.
[3 Trumpet.

[Trumpet answers within.

EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.
ask him his purposes, why he appears
call o'the trumpet.

What are you?
e, your quality? and why you answer
it summons?

Know, my name is lost;
s tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
oble, as the adversary
pe withal.

Which is that adversary?
at's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
ster?
self;—What say'st thou to him?

Draw thy sword;
peech offend a noble heart,
do thee justice: here is mine.
he privilege of mine honours.
my profession.

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gen. This is mere practice, Gloster :
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the Letter to Edmund.]

Gen. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :
Who shall arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gen. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit General.]

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done ;
And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange clarity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us :

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,

Cost him his eyes.

...now split my heart, if ever I
ate thee, or thy father!

Worthy prince,

...it well.

Where have you hid yourself?
Have you known the miseries of your father?
By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
When 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
Nobody proclamation to escape,
How'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
With the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Than die at once!) taught me to shift
A madman's rags; to assume a semblance
Which dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
My father with his bleeding rings,
Precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
(Fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
A half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Though hoping, of this good success,
Blessing, and from first to last
My pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart
Too weak to

fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
I the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
that ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
gan to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
and there I left him tranc'd.

Alb.

But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
proper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg.

What kind of help?

Alb.

Speak, man.

Edg. What mean's that bloody knife?

Gent.

'Tis hot, it smokes;

came even from the heart of—

Alb.

Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
her is poison'd; she confesses it.

— them both. all these

Yet Edmund was belov'd :
the other poison'd for my sake,
or slew herself.

Even so.—Cover their faces.

I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do,
of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
f in it,—to the castle ; for my writ
e life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
nd in time.

Run, run, O, run—
To who, my lord ?—Who has the office ? send
ren of reprieve.

Well thought on ; take my sword,
the captain.

Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Erit Edgar.*

He hath commission from thy wife and me
Cordelia in the prison, and
is blame upon her own despair,
fordid herself.

He gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile.

[*Edmund is borne off.*

Kent.

O my good master—

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

d.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—

Lordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

**What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—**

kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear.

Did I not, fellow?

**I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you straight.**

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent.

'The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

—and I am the very man.—

[To Edgar and Kent.

and such addition as your honours
than merited.—All friends shall taste
of their virtue, and all foes
their deservings.—O, see, see!
and my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
d a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
o breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
er, never, never, never!—
undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
, look there!— [He dies.

He faints!—My lord, my lord,—
weak, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Look up, my lord.
ex not his ghost:—O, let him pass! he hates
n,
upon the rack of this tough world
out longer.

O, he is gone, indeed.
e wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
p'd his life.

The tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed, which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct to the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate *Lear's* manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be incredible if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so powerfully describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warburton writes in *The*

... extrusion of Gloster's eyes,
~~which is~~ too horrid to be endured in drama-
bition, and such as must always compel the
relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it
be remembered that our author well knew what would
be audience for which he wrote.

injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the
is abundantly recompensed by the addition of
by the art with which he is made to co-operate
the chief design, and the opportunity which he
the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and
linking the wicked son with the wicked daughters,
expresses this important moral, that villany is never
punished, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last termi-
nate in ruin.

Though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shak-
suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in
unjustly, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to
the eyes of the reader, and what is yet more strange,
in the mouths of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified
by the Spectator, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia
happiness in his alteration, and ~~which~~

rather consider the injured rather than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind; and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

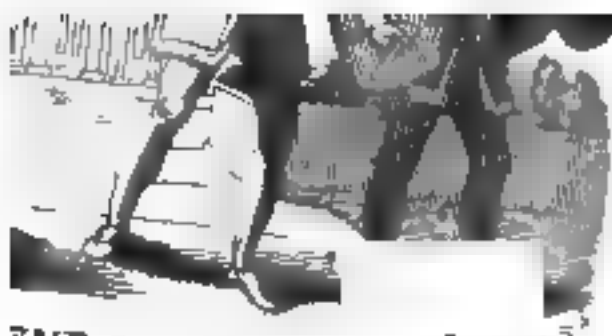
JOHNSON.

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.

From the Chiswick Press.

1813.

Paris, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
 Montague, } Heads of two Houses, at Variance with each other.
 Capulet, }
 An Old Man, Uncle to Capulet.
 Romeo, Son to Montague.
 Mercutio, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.
 Benvolio, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.
 Tybalt, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
 Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan.
 Friar John, of the same Order.
 Balthazar, Servant to Romeo.
 Sampson, } Servants to Capulet.
 Gregory, }
 Abram, Servant to Montague.
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus. Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.
 Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.
 Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.
 Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.
 Nurse to Juliet.
 Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to both
 Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.
 SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: on
 in the fifth Act, at Mantua.



SCENE I. *A public Place.*
JACK and GREASY, armed with Swords
and Bucklers.

JACK, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.
GREASY, we should be colliers.
JACK, we be in choler, we'll draw.
GREASY, you live, draw your neck out of the
JACK, quickly, being moved.
GREASY, I not afraid.

heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

~~and~~ and talk of peace? I hate the word,
H, all Montagues, and thee:
e, coward. [They fight.

*al Partizans of both Houses, who join the
y; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

bs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them
wn!

the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

LET, in his Gown; and LADY CAPULET.
noise is this?—Give me my longsword, ho!
A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a
rd?

word, I say!—Old Montague is come,
his blade in spite of me.

MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, ~~let me go~~

Cast by their grave beaming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your mother's hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me,
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Attendants, Capulet, Lady
Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*]

Mou. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Dev. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds.

Who, nothing hurt withal, kiss'd him in scorn;
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought us part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady M. O where is Romeo—now you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Dev. Madam, he is below the window'd sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad,
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city side,—

right steals home my heavy son,
in his chamber pens himself;
windows, locks fair daylight out,
himself an artificial night:
Fortentous must this humour prove,
counsel may the cause remove.
noble uncle, do you know the cause?
either know it, nor can learn of him.
e you importun'd him by any means?
th by myself, and many other friends:
own affections' counsellor,
If—I will not say, how true—
self so secret and so close,
resounding and discovery,
and bit with an envious worm,
spread his sweet leaves to the air,
to his beauty to the sun.
but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
I as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

— where he comes: So please you, step aside;
— denied.

me not, for I have
much to do with hate, but
en, O brawling love! O loving hate!
thing, of nothing first create!
apen chaos of serious vanity!
or of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health;
waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
love feel I, that feel no love in this.
thou not laugh?

Ben. Good heart, at what?
om. No, coz, I rather weep.
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
iefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
hich thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
ith more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
both add more grief to too much of mine own.
love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. That sick man in sadness make his will:—
that is so ill!—
man.

Ben. Then
Rom. She
For beauty.
That beauty
She is too
To merit
She hath
Do I live
Ben.
Rom.
Ben.
Exam.
Rom.
To call
These
Being
He, I
The
Sho
Wh
Wh
By

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[Exit

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
He hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part ;
As she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Heaven-treading stars, that make dark heaven light
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh fennel beds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Such winners you of many mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come go with us — for 'twill be a tedious go
Through late Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*Shows a Paper*] as
thou say'st.

My home and welcome on their pleasures stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and others*]

it, man! one fire burns out another's burning;
is lessen'd by another's anguish;
siddy, and be help by backward turning;
rate grief cures with another's languish:
some new infection to thy eye,
rank poison of the old will die.
Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
For what, I pray thee?

For your broken shin.

Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
in prison, kept without my food,
and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.
God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
ay, can you read any thing you see?
Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.
of Martino, and his wife and daughters; County
and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires! .

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady C. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me. [old,—

not fourteen:—How long is it now
Lammas-tide?

Lady C. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
on Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—

ere of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
she was too good for me: But, as I said,

on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
that shall she, marry; I remember it well.

It is since the earthquake now eleven years;

and she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—

all the days of the year, upon that day:

for I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

lying in the sun under the dove-house wall,

my lord and you were then at Mantua:—

ay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,

when it did taste the wormwood on the nipple

of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

to see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.

Take, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,

to bid me trudge.

I think that time it is eleven

Thou

An I might not
I have my wish.

Lady C. Marry, that marry is not.
I came to talk of — Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

JUL. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse An honour were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
Lady C. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
[you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years,
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, such a man,
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

Lady C. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
Lady C. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady C. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being hot heavy, I will bear the light.

Merc. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

ore cut
ght feathers, and
pitch above dull woo.
y burden do I sink
sink in it, should you burden love;
sion for a tender thing.
a tender thing? it is too rough,
oist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
be rough with you, be rough with lov
pricking, and you beat love down.—
to put my visage in: { Putting on a Mr
visor!—what care I,
eye doth quote deformities?
beetle-brows, shall blush for me.
re, knock, and enter, and no sooner
nan betake him to his legs.
torch for me: let wantons, light of h
senseless rushes with their heels;
proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
andle-holder, and look on, —
e was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
fut' dun's the mouse, the constable's ov
art dun, we'll draw thee from the mir
(save reverence) love, wherein thou
the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, b
i. Nay, that's not so. I mean, sir, i
r.
caste our lights in vain, like lamps by
our good meaning, for our judgment
times in that, ere once in our five wi
om And we mean well, in going to t
'tis no wit to go. Why, may one a
— to-night.

as they lie asleep:
The spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wāggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight
Over lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
Over ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
And lings a person's nose as 'a is

onsequ-
nterly begin -
this night's revels;
despised life, clos'd in my
some vile forfeit of untimely death.
He, that hath the steerage of my course,
rect my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen,
Ben. Strike, drum.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take
away? he shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher?

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or
two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul
thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou save me a
piece of marchpano, and, as thou lovest me, let the
porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell—Antony!

2 Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked
for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

Were -
2 Cap.
1 Cap.
Tha since
Come P
Some f
2 Co
His w
1
His
Ov

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir:
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

* 1011
watch her place—
make happy my rude hand.
now? forswear it, night!
ready till this night.
voice, should be a Montague:—
boy:—What! dares the slave
I with an antic face,
t our solemnity?
and honour of my kin,
I hold it not a sin. [you
now now, kinsman? wherefore st
is a Montague, our foe;
either come in spite,
solemnity this night.
Romeo is't?

*Tis he, that villain R
nt thee, gentle coz, let him alone
like a portly gentleman,
th, Verona brags of him,
us and well-govern'd youth:
or the wealth of all this town;
ouse, do him disparagement;
patient, take no note of him,
, the which if thou respect,
presence, and put off these frow
seeming semblance for a feast.
its, when such a villain is a guest
jure him.

He shall be endur'd;
odman boy!—I say, he shall,—C
master here, or you? go to.
him!—God shall mend
—my guests!

~~They withdraw~~ in their different greeting,
~~They withdraw~~: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [1]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand [To
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her]
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

JULIET. ACT 1.

quiet towards.—

thank you all;

and good night:—

and then let's to bed.

My day, it waxes late;

it is all but Juliet and Nurse.

What is yon gentleman?

of old Tiberio.

He is going out of door?

Think, be young Petruchio.

Follows there, that would not
[dance?

—if he be married,

on wedding bed.

Romeo, and a Montague;

that enemy.

Coming from my only hate!

And known too late!

Is it to me,

that enemy.

What's this?

A rhyme I learn'd even now

[One calls within, Juliet.

1. Anon, anon:—

—strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.



SCENE I.

Open Place, adjoining CAPULET's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Roman! my cousin Romeo!

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not ;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
 That were some spite: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night :
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
 Romeo, good night ;—I'll to my truckle-bed ;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
 Come, shall we go ?

Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE 11. CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

[*Juliet appears above, at a Window*]

But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks !
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—

*Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
 Be not her maid, since she is envious ;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,*

~~But~~ to me she speaks :
Of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Of that time.

Art thou not Romeo, -

Rom. Neither, fair saint, it -

Jul. How can'st thou hither, tell me
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords, look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

Jul. I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

...prove false, at lovers' perjuries,
Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
Most love, pronounce it faithfully :
thou think'st I am too quickly won,
rown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
and therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light :
at trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
an those that have more cunning to be strange.
ould have been more strange, I must confess,
at that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
y true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
d not impute this yielding to light love,
hich the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
at tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
at monthly changes in her circled orb,
st that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
if thou wilt swear by thy gracious self

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afeard,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,

Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
If that thy bent of love be honourable, [indeed.

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

~~and~~ and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;

~~at~~ at thy foot I'll lay,

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III. FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this outer cage of ours,
 With hateful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometimes by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
 And, where the warmer is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri.

Benedicite!

That early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

~~not~~ been in bed to-night.

Fr. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fr. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe. [

Fr. That's my good son: But where hast thou

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:

bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fr. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Siddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
The fair daughter of rich Capulet:

Mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

All combin'd, save what thou must combine

Holy marriage: When, and where, and how,

Met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows.

Tell thee as we pass; but this I cannot

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence the
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. 'Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not; she, whom I love
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run
 [Exit

SCENE IV. A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
 Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
 Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, he
 dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! 's
 with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough
 with a love-song; the very pin of his heart c

ing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and pro-
; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the
your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,
it, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,
a first and second cause: Ah, the immortal pas-
ne punto reverso! the hay!

The what?

The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fan-
s; these new-tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a
od blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*
, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that
uld be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these
-mongers, these *pardonnex-moys*, who stand so
n the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on
bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh,
ow art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers:
strarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a
-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: *for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down, to hide his bauble in a hole.*

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale again *the hair.*

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made

Peter!

Mer. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me here I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him; I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith sely, wisely.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift. This afternoon;
+ there she shall at friar Laurence's cell

ROMEO AND JULIET.

and married. Here is for thy
No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Go to; I say, you shall.

P. This afternoon, sir? well, she s

N. And stay, good nurse, behind the

in this hour my man shall be with th

bring thee cords made like a tackled

rich to the high top-gallant of my joy

must be my convoy in the secret night.

farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pa

farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne

Two may keep counsel, putting one away

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sw

Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little pratin

there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, th

lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, ha

a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger h

and tell her that Paris is the properer

warrant you, when I say so, she looks

clout in the varsal world. Doth not

Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's

the dog. No; I know it begins with so

and she hath the prettiest sententious o

rosemary, that it would do you good t

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Pet

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go

SCENE V. CAPULET'S

Enter JULIET.

*Jul. The clock struck nine, w
In half an hour she promis'd to re
Perchance, she cannot meet him;
, she is lame! love's heralds sh*

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings,
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unweildy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit P]

Jul. Now, good sweet Nurse,—O lord! why lo
 thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, give me leave awhile;—
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy n
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good n
 speak.

Nurse. Jesu! What haste? Can you not stay aw
 Do you not see, that I am out of breath? [b]

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
 To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choic
 know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,
 though his face be better than any man's, y

But all this did I know before;
our marriage? what of that?
how my head aches! what a head have I?
ould fall in twenty pieces.
her side,—O, my back, my back!—
heart, for sending me about,
leath with jaunting up and down!
I am sorry that thou art not well:
sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
our love says like an honest gentleman,
ous, and a kind, and a handsome,
ant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?
re is my mother?—why, she is within:
ld she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
ys like an honest gentleman,—
ur mother?

O, God's lady dear!
not? Marry, come up, I trow;
cultice for my aching bones?
rd do your messages yourself.
~~much a coil;~~—come, what says Romeo?
to go to shrift to-day?

SCENE VI. FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:

*They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make sho [work
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone, [Exe
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

ACT III.



SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his two upon the table, and says, God send me no need of the and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, as as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should be none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; W

ROMEO AND JULIA

such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel.
 is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and
 thy head hath been beaten as an egg, for
 quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for cough-
 ing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that
 lay asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out
 with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?
 with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband?
 and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling?
 Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man
 should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a
 quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
 Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it
 with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you
 will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
 giving?

Tyb. Mer. No, thou consortest with Romeo,—
 Mer. Consort? what, dost thou make us minstrels?
 an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
 discords. here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make
 you dance. "Zounds, consort!"

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
 Either withdraw into some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your liver.
 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
 Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Doth mean
 To such a end
 Therefore fare
 Tyb. Mer.
 That thou be
 Euen I do
 But love of
 Tia thou
 And so
 As death
 Mer.
 A is de
 Tybalt
 Tyb
 M.
 mine
 you
 eig
 by
 or

So, the hate I bear thee, can afford
 Term than this—Thou art a villain.
 Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
 Excuse the appertaining rage
 In a greeting:—Villain am I none;
 Fare farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.
 Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.
 Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
 I love thee better than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
 And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [Draws.
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?
 Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
 nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
 you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
 eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
 by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
 ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
 Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame
 Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
 In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.
 [Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.

Mer. I am hurt:—
 A plague o'both the houses!—I am sped:—
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?
 Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
 Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page
 Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
 Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide

church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!
'They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
'Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
'That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend
'This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
'That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Waiting for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort
With him hence.
Rom.

This shall determine 't
[They fight; Tybalt]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:
Not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee de
thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Ben. O! I am fortune's fool!

Why dost thou
[Exit R

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady C. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT 3.

agile arm beats down their fatal points,
'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
by and by comes back to Romeo,
had but newly entertain'd revenge,
to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
ld draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

ady C. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
ction makes him false, he speaks not true:
e twenty of them fought in this black strife,
all those twenty could but kill one life:
g for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
neo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
rince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
o now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
lon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
fault concludes but, what the law should end,
life of Tybalt.

rince. And, for that offence,
mediately we do exile him hence:
ve an interest in your hates' proceeding,
blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
l you shall all repent the loss of mine:
ll be deaf to pleading and excuses;
tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
efore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
s, when he's found, that hour is his last.
c hence this body, and attend our will;
cy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
As Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
ston would whip you to the west,
ng in cloudy night immediately.—
by close curtain, love-performing night!

sober-suited matron, all in black,
earn me how to lose a winning match,
for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
true love acted, simple modesty.
O, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
far more than new snow on a raven's back.—
O, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
bring me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
cover him, and cut him out in little stars,
that we may make the face of heaven so fine,
all the world will be in love with night,
pay no worship to the garish sun.—
I have bought the mansion of a love,
but not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
as the night before some festival
my impatient child, that hath new robes,
may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT 3.

cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
 I have thought it?—Romeo!
 evil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 could he roar'd in dismal hell.
 slain himself? say thou but I,
 vowel I shall poison more
 A-darting eye of cockatrice:
 there be such as I;
 a shunt, that make thee answer, I.
 a, say—I, or if not, no:
 a determine of my weal, or woe.
 saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
 as mark!—here on his manly breast:
 mine, a bloody piteous corse;
 as ashes, all bedew'd in blood,
 a blood; I swooned at the sight.
 break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
 „ eyes! ne'er look on liberty! [once!
 b, to earth resign; and motion here;
 „ and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
 O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 was Tybalt! honest gentleman!
 „ I should live to see thee dead!
 /hat storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 „ slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
 lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
 sadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 is living, if those two are gone?
 Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 that kill'd him, he is banished.
 God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
 It did, it did, alas the day! it did.
 „ serpent heart, hid with a flowing face!
 „ dragon keep so fair a cave?
 „ tyrant! head angelical!
 „ her'd raven! wolfish-ravensing lamb!
 „ whatance of divinest shape!
 „ to what thou justly seem'st,
 „ ant, an honourable villain!—
 „ what hadst thou to do in hell,
 „ didst bower the spirit of a fiend

ROMEO AND JULIET.

paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 A book, containing such vile matter,
 Bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 Faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him! [co

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor, my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name?
 When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—

• But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.—Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

ACT 3.

mov'd?
t's death,
d,
liet,
ed,—
bound,
that woe sound.—
er, nurse?
over Tybalt's corse:
ng you thither. [spent,
ith tears? mine shall be
eo's banishment.
opes, you are beguil'd,
is exil'd:
to my bed;
widowed.
; I'll to my wedding bed;
ake my maidenhead!
amber: I'll find Romeo
well where he is.
will be here at night;
at Laurence' cell.
ive this ring to my true kni
o take his last farewell. [E

FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell
FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO
omeforth; come forth, thou fe
mour'd of thy parts,
dedded to calamity.
er, what news? what is the pr
craves acquaintance at my
now not?

Too familiar
con with such sour compan
of the prince's d
ousday is'
ish'

the world is broken;
is no world without Verona walls,
/ torture, hell itself.
ed is banish'd from the world,
exile is death:—then banishment
term'd: calling death—banishment,
ny head off with a golden axe,
upon the stroke that murders me.
adly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
ur law calls death; but the kind prince,
part, hath rush'd aside the law,
that black word death to banishment:
r mercy, and thou seest it not.
is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
liet lives; and every cat, and dog,
mouse, every unworthy thing,
in heaven, and may look on her,
eo may not.—More validity,
ourable state, more courtship lives
n flies, than Romeo: they may seize
white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
al immortal blessing from her lips;
and vestal modesty,
sin:

ACT 3.

ff that word;

ished.
ilosophy!

oom;
more.
ave no ears. [eyes?
at wise men have no
i thy estate.
at thou dost not feel:

y love,
dered,
shed,
night'st thou tear thy
[hair,
now,

le grave.
d Romeo, hide thyself.
[Knocking within.
th of heart-sick groans,
rch of eyes. [Knocking.
—Who's there?—Romeo,

hile: stand up; [Knocking.

y:—God's will!
ome, I come. [Knocking.
ce come you? what's your

ic come in, and you shall
[know my errand;
Welcome then.

SCENE 3.

Nurse.

Blabbering a
Stand up, sta
For Juliet's
Why should

Rom. No

Nurse. I

Rom. S

Doth she

Now I ha

With blo

Where is

My conc

Nurse

And no

And Ty

And th

Rom

Shot fi

Did m

Murd

In wh

Doth

The l

Fr

Art

Ty

T

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Even so lies she,
Lying and weeping, weeping and
Up, stand up; stand, an you be a
Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and
You should you fall into so deep an (

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, deat

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how
Doth she not think me an old murder
Now I have stain'd the childhood of
With blood remov'd but little from
Where is she? and how doth she? a
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but
And now falls on her bed; and the
And Tybalt calls; and then on Ro
And then down falls again.

Rom.

Shot from the deadly level of a g
Did murder her; as that name's c
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell m
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, t
The hateful mansion.

Fri.

Hold t
Art thou a man? thy form cries
Thy tears are womanish; thy w
The unreasonable fury of a be
Unseemly woman, in a seemin
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seen
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my
I thought thy disposition bett
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt
And slay thy lady too that liv
By doing damned hate upon
Why rail'st thou on thy birt
Since birth, and heaven, an
In thee at once; which thou
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy s
Which, like an usurer, ab
And usest none in that tr

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man—

Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mix'd up in the conduct of them both,

Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou flamest with thine own defence.

What rousest thou, man? thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
 There art thou happy. Thyself wouldst kill thee,
 But thou diest not. There art thou happy too.
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile. There art thou happy.

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a mad she has d and sullen wench,
 Thou putt'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her,
 But, look! thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua.
 When thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more—
 Than thou wentst forth in lamentation—

Go before, nurse—commend me to thy lady
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.
 Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here
 To hear good counsel! O, what learning
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will com-
 mend. Here, sir, a ring she bid me
 Give you, wake haste, for it grows late.

4. ROMEO AND JULIET.

How well my comfort is reviv'd
Go hence: Good night; and here
I'll be gone before the watch be set;
By the break of day disguis'd from
hence I'll turn in Mantua; I'll find out your
house, and he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell;
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls on,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell.

SCENE IV. A Room in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET,

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so
That we have had no time to move our
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt
And so did I;—Well, we were born to
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time
Madam, good night: commend me to

Lady C. I will, and know her mind ere
To-night she's mew'd up to her heavings.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desper
Of my child's love: I think, she will be
In all respects by me; nay more, I do
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday. *Monday.*

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, then
She shall be married to this noble earl
Will you be ready? do you like this?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend
For hark you, Tybalt being slain
It may be thought we hold him can

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
 Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
 Cap. Well, get you gone.—O Thursday be it then:—
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by:—Good night. [Exit.

SCENE V. JULIET'S CHAMBER.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops.
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, you grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
 I have more care to stay, than will to go.
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills
 How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not
 Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone,
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune

an arm that voice doth us away,
thence with hunts-up to the day.
one; more light and light it grows.
se light and light?—more dark and dark
woes.

Enter NURSE.

Madam!

se?

our lady mother's coming to your chamber :
broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*
en, window, let day in, and let life out.
arewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
r from thee every day i'the hour,
minute there are many days :
count I shall be much in years,
n behold my Romeo.
arewell! I will omit no opportunity
convey my greetings, love, to thee.
think'at thou, we shall ever meet again?
and all these woes shall serve

So is't that call? is it my lady mother?
 Is down so late, or up so early?
 Custom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

L. C. Why, how now, Juliet?

Madam, I am not well.

L. C. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
 Will thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
 Ah, have done: Some grief shows much of love;
 much of grief shows still some want of wit.

J. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

L. C. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
 Whom you weep for.

J. Putting on the loss,
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

L. C. Well, girl, then weep'st not so much for his
 death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

J. What villain, madam?

L. C. That same villain, Romeo.

J. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

L. C. And pardon him? I do, with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

L. C. That is, because the traitor murderer live.

J. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands
 Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death.

L. C. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
 But weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
 Where that same banish'd renegade doth live,
 And shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

J. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
 My poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd—
L. C. Ah, if you could find out but a man
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
 And Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
 Sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart is

comes well in such a needful time.
I beseech your ladyship?
All, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
But put thee from thy heaviness,
Out a sudden day of joy,
Expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
When, in happy time, what day is that?
Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
Young, and noble gentleman,
Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall make thee there a joyful bride.
Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
I will not make me there a joyful bride.
But in this haste; that I must wed
Ere it should be husband, comes to woo.
I will tell my lord and father, madam,
Marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
To Romeo, whom you know I hate,
That I will marry in Paris:—These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
—I will take it at your hands.

AND JULIET.

ACT 3.

He will none, she gives you

carried to her grave!
Oh you, take me with you, wife.
Both she not give us thanks?
She not count her bless'd,
That we have wrought
An to be her bridegroom?
You have; but thankful, that you

be of what I hate,
For hate, that is meant love.
How now, chop-logic! What is this?
Thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And,—Mistress minion, you,
Thankings, nor proud me no pious,
Or fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
Bring thee on a hurdle thither.
Oon-sickness carrion' out, you baggage'
face!

Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
With patience but to speak a word.
Hear me, young baggage! disobedient
To what I say,—get thee to church o' Thursday
Or after look me in the face
Not, reply not, do not answer me:
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought
That God had sent us but this only child;
—now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, bidding!

Nurse
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Ho!
Providence, smaller with your G
—weak no treason.

SCENE
The
For

O C

and, alone, in company,
weeping, still my care hath been
hatch'd : and having now provided
of princely parentage,
ages, youthful, and nobly train'd,
they say) with honourable parts,
as one's heart could wish a man,—
have a wretched puling fool,
mammet, in her fortune's tender,
—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
—I pray you, pardon me;—
if you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
if you will, you shall not house with me ;
think on't, I do not use to jest.
as near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
if mine shall never do thee good :
bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.
where no pity sitting in the clouds,
at the bottom of my grief?

I think you
For it excels you—
Your first is dead; or
As living here and you no more—
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart. From
Nurse.
Or else bestrew them both. Amen! To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much,
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd. [Exit.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail myself have power to die. [Exit.]

Fri.
Par.
And
Fri.
Cous.
A
F

SCENE I. *Friar LAURENCE's Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
'To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[Aside.]
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT 4.

Enter JULIET.

Al. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
That may be, or, when I may be a wife.
That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
What must be shall be. That's a certain text.

Al. Come you to make confession to this father?
Al. To answer that, were I confess to you.

Al. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Al. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
For I do so, it will be of more price,

sch
Ad
Sh
Or
To
C
C

1. ROMEO AND JULIET.

this hand, by thee to Romeo seal
the label to another deed,
true heart with treacherous revolt
to another, this shall slay them both
before, out of thy long-experienc'd time
me some present counsel ; or, behold
at my extremes and me this bloody
I play the umpire ; arbitrating that
which the commission of thy years and
ould to no issue of true honour bring.
be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame
That cop'st with death himself to scape it
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry
From off the battlements of yonder tower
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with rocks
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones
With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplins
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud
Things that, to hear them told, have made me mad
And I will do it without fear or doubt
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet brother

Fri. Hold, then ; go home, be merry
To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow
To-morrow night look that thou liest
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in bed
Take thou this phial, being then alone
And this distilled liquor drink thou off
When, presently, through all the streets

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT 4.

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is),
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 I will Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And he will come; and he and I
 And that very night

SCENE

Cap

2 S

his o

finger

Ca

We

Wh

N

C

A P

O

T

H

A

...murnish'd for this time.—
My daughter gone to friar Laurence?
urse. Ay, forsooth.

ap. Well, he may chance to do some good &
evish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

urse. See, where she comes from shrift with a
look.

ap. How now, my headstrong? where have
been gadding?

ul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
lisobedient opposition

ou, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
oly Laurence to fall prostrate here,
beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
eforward I am ever rul'd by you.

. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
ve this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
ve him what becomed love I might,
pping o'er the bounds of modesty.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cap.
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
 I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
 I'll play the housewife for this once —What, ho !—
 They are all forth Well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow : my heart is wondrous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exit.

SCENE III. JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What, are you busy? do you need my help?
 Jul. No, madam, we have call'd such necessities
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :

So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

Lady C. Good night !
 Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse]
 Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet
 again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
 Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
 Come, phial.—
 What if this mixture do not work at all?
 Must I of force be married to the county?—

marriage he should be
married me before to Romeo?
and yet, methinks, it should not,
still been tried a holy man:
entertain so bad a thought.—
when I am laid into the tomb,
before the time that Romeo
deem me? there's a fearful point!
then be stifled in the vault,
foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Ove, is it not very like,
able conceit of death and night,
with the terror of the place,—
vault, an ancient receptacle,
for these many hundred years, the bones
of buried ancestors are pack'd;
bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
st'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
these hours in the night spirits resort;—
O alack! is it not like, that I,
making,—what with loathsome smells;
—and:—
—torn out of the earth,

SCENE IV.

Enter LADY CAPULET and
Nurse.

Hold, take those keys, and
They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.
Come, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Spare not for cost.

Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
For this night's watching.
What! I have watch'd ere now
For lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
Lady C. Ay, you have been a moon-bunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.]
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.
1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]—Sirrah,
fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [Exit.]
Cap. Mass, and well said; A merry whorson! he,
Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight.
[Music within.]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!
Enter Nurse.
Waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
—bridegroom he is come already;

Sleep for—
The county Pa
That you shall
(Marry, and
I needs must
Ay, let the
He'll fright
What, d'ye
I must re
Alas! ah
O, well—
Some a

Lo
N
L
P

—madam! sweetheart!—why, I
 not a word?—you take your pennyworth
 for a week: for the next night, I warrant
 county Paris hath set up his rest,
 that you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
 Harry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
 needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, mada-
 m, let the county take you in your bed;
 e'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
 That, drest! and in your clothes! and down again
 must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
 alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 me aqua vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

Lady C. What noise is here?

Nurse.

O lamentable d

Lady C. What is the matter?

Nurse.

Look, look! O heavy

Lady C. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
 we, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Dead—
My dang—
And leave him
Par. Have I thou
And doth it give me such
Lady C Accurs'd, unhappy,
Most miserable hour, that e'er time
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse, O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why can'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure liv'
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

ROMEO AND JULIET.

this fair maid ; now heaven hath all
better is it for the maid :

In her you could not keep from death ;
He keeps his part in eternal life.

What you sought was—her promotion ;
In your heaven, she should be advanc'd :

Keep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
To the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

For this love, you love your child so ill,

As you run mad, seeing that she is well:

'Tis not well married, that lives married long ;

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church :

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral :

Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial-feast ;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him

And go, sir Paris ;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave :

The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill ;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and*

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up ; put

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be ame

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, Heart's ease
ease ; O, an you will have me live, play—hear

1 Mus. Why heart's ease?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart its

our pa-

a you, Do 3-

1 Mus. An you ?

2 Mus. Pray you, put
your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my w.
you with an iron wit, and put up my tre.

Answer me like men.

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then music, with her silver sound,
Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I say—silver sound, because masious sound
for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-post?

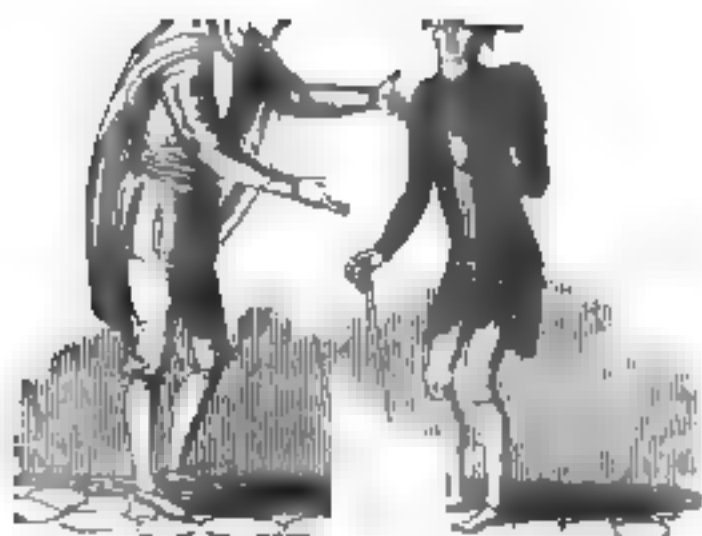
3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say
say for you. It is—music with her silver sound,

such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—
Then music with her silver sound,

1 Mus. With speedy help doth lend redress. [Exit, singing.

2 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?
1 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here:—
for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exit]

Re
My
My
An
L
I



SCENE I. MANTUA. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
as presage some joyful news at hand:
My lord sits lightly on his throne;
And on this day, my unaccustom'd spirit
Flights from my body's palace, with cheerful thoughts

Enter Apothecary.

Who calls so loud?

Be hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
I see forty ducats: let me have
poison; such soon-speeding geer
To pierce itself through all the veins,
-weary taker may fall dead;
Thy trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As hasty powder fir'd
From the fatal cannon's womb.
Mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Forbids any he that utters them.
Is't thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
To die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Thy back hangs ragged misery,
That law is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
It affords no law to make thee rich;
Nor art thou poor, but break it, and take this.
Poverty, but not my will, consents.
Pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Pay me the liquid thing you will,

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT 5.

SCENE II. FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
 Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
 One of our order to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
 John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
 Of dear import; and the neglecting it
 May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
 Take an iron crow, and bring it straight
 And bring't thee.
 I'll come alone:
 Take

close to the hollow ground;
not upon the church-yard tread
sing loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves
thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [Re-

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
a perfect model of eternity;

Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
except this latest favour at my hands;
living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
thy funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The Boy who
gives warning, something doth approach.
cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
as my obsequies, and true-love's

And strew this hungry church-yard with
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.— Take thou
that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
'Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died ;—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*]

~~From the unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;~~

~~And further than death~~

lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[Exit Page.]

I am slain!—[Falls]—If thou be merciful,
Omb, lay me with Juliet.

[Dies.]
faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;

kinsman, noble county Paris:—
my man, when my betossed soul
tend him as we rode? I think,
e, Paris should have married Juliet:
ot so? or did I dream it so?

ad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
with me in sour misfortune's book!
hee in a triumphant grave,—

O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
t a feasting presence full of light.
thou were, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the Monument.]
when men are at the point of death
y been merry? which their keepers call
ng before death: O, how may I

Come,
Thou despera-
The dashing rocks in
Here's to my love!—[Drinks]
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a

Enter, at the other end of the Church-yard, FRIAR
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night,
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?
Who is it, that consorts, so late, the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good, my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love. Who is it?
Fri. Romeo.

Bal. How long hath he been there?
Fri. Full half an hour.

Bal. Go with me to the vault. I dare not, sir;
Fri. My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Bal. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes up
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Ham
Thy
An
An
St
C

these masters—
our'd by this place of peace:

[Enters the Monument.]

pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
this lamentable chance!—

[Juliet wakes and stirs.]

comfortable friar! where is my lord?
number well where I should be,

I am:—Where is my Romeo? [Noise within.]
hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

contagion, and unnatural sleep;
power than we can contradict

perverted our intents; come, come away:
band in thy bosom there lies dead;

is too. Come, I'll dispose of thee
a sisterhood of holy nuns:

not to question, for the watch is coming;
go, good Juliet,—[Noise again] I dare stay no

[Exit.]

— I will not away.—

SCENE 3. ROMEO AND JULIET

Prince. Search, seek, and come.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, an
With instruments upon the
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens!—O, 't
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista?
Is empty on the back
And is mis-sheathed in

Lady C. O me! the
That warns my old

Enter

Prince. Come
To see thy son!

Mon. Alas, 't
Grief of my w

What further

Prince. I

Mon. O

To press!

Prince

Till we

1 17

h
l:
he
ne.

men.

in the
nither.
come

ENCE.

as, and
weeds:

ROMEO AND JULIET

arch, seek, and know
thes.

Here is a friar, and sla
struments upon them, fit
dead men's tombs.

sp. O, heavens!—O, wife! he
bleeds!

his dagger hath mista'en,—for,
empty on the back of Montag
And is mis-sheathed in my daugh

Lady C. O me! this sight of
That warns my old age to a sep

Enter MONTAGUE

Prince. Come, Montague; for
To see thy son and heir more ear

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife
Grief of my son's exile hath stop
What further woe conspires agai

Prince. Look, and thou shalt

Mon. O thou untaught! what
To press before thy father to a g

Prince. Seal up the mouth of
Till we can clear these ambiguities
And know their spring, their head
And then will I be general of you
And lead you even to death: Me
And let mischance be slave to passion
Bring forth the parties of suspicion

Fri. I am the greatest, able to
Yet most suspected, as the time
Doth make against me of this day
And here I stand, both to impeach
Myself condemned and myself a

Prince. Then say at once what

Fri. I will be brief, for my speech
Is not so long as is a tedious tale
Romeo, there dead, was husband
And she, there dead, that Romeo
I married them; and their stolen

Betroth'd, and would have married her ~~pastor~~,
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping-potion: which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening), here untimely lay
~~the noble Paris~~ and true Romeo, dead.

...made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
and bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
on, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
and, by and by, my master drew on him;
and then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
their course of love, the tidings of her death:
and here he writes—that he did buy a poison
of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
bring me to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
that heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.
Tybalt. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
will I demand.

But I can give thee more:
I will raise her statue in pure gold;
And while Verona by that name is known,
As long as Montague is called.

P

P

P

P

Comprehensive,
motors in which the
great subtlety of dis-
guis and secret,
and dishonest.
wrought, but his path-
with some unexpected
ever distressed, have
a miserable conceit.
JOHNSON.

Chiswick.

From the Chiswick Press.

1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former King, and Nephew to the present King.

Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.

Laertes, Son to Polonius.
Voltimand,

Cornelius, } Courtiers.
Rosencrantz, }
Guildenstern, }

Osric, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.

A Priest.

Marcellus, } Officers.
Bernardo, }

Francisco, a Soldier.
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.

A Captain. An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-
Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.



ELSING

FRANCISCO

Ber. **W**^H

Fran.

Yourself.

Ber. Long

Fran.

Ber.

Fran. Yo

Ber. Tis n

Fran. For

And I am si

Ber. Hav

Fran.

Ber. Well

If you do me

The rivals of

HAMLET.

ACT 1.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
 Mar. Friends to this ground.
 And liegemen to the Dane.

Mar. Give you good night.
 O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?
 Bernardo hath my place.

Mar. Give you good night.
 [Exit Francisco.]
 Holla! Bernardo!

Mar. Say,
 Ber. What, is Horatio there?
 A piece of him.

Hor. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
 Ber. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
 Hor. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
 And will not let belief take hold of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
 Therefore I have entreated him, along
 With us to watch the minutes of this night;
 That, if again this apparition come,
 He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
 Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Mar. Sit down awhile;
 Ber. And let us once again assail your ears,
 That are so fortified against our story,
 What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
 Ber. Last night of all,
 When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
 Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
 Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
 The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes—
 again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's

SCENE 1.

Mar. Thou

Ber. Look

Hor. Most

Ber. It w

Mar.

Hor. Wh

Together w

In which th

Did someti

Mar. It

Ber.

Hor. St

Mar. T

Ber. Ho

Is not thi

What thi

Hor. E

Without

Of mine

Mar.

Hor.

Such w

When

So fr

He

T

Speak to it, **Horatio**.
That art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
with that fair and warlike form
the majesty of buried Denmark
times march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.
It is offended.

See! it stalks away.
Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee, speak.
[Exit Ghost.]

'Tis gone, and will not answer.
How now, **Horatio**? you tremble, and look pale:
is something more than fantasy?
Think you of it?
Before my God, I might not this believe,
the sensible and true avouch
own eyes.

Is it not like the king?
As thou art to thyself:
Is the very armour he had on,
Is the ambitious Norway combated:
'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He clomb up the ~~shoulder~~ **Palack** on the ice.

to be toward, the
the night joint-labour,
that can inform me?

the whisper goes so
image even but now appear'd to us,
as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
to prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
I to the combat, in which, our valiant Hamlet
I so this side of our known world esteem'd him),
I slay this Fortinbras, who, by a seal'd compact,
well ratified by law and heraldry,
did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same contract,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless revolutionaries,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state),
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those 'forfeid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief bond
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
[Here I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead,

As harbingers—
And prologue to us
Have heaven and earth
Unto our climacter

But, soft; behold
I'll cross it, tho'
If thou hast w
Speak to me
If there be
That may
Speak to
If thou
Which,
O, eyes
Or, if
Enter
For a

Spee

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'Tis here!

Hor.

'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

ACT I.

morn,
ing throat
warning,
air,
ries
erein

n.
f the cock.
ason comes
lebrated,
night long :
es stir abroad ;
no planets strike,
power to charm,
he time.
in part believe it.
nantle clad,
h eastern hill :
by my advice,
en to-night
n my life,
peak to him :
aint him with it,
g our duty ?
nd I this morning know
st convenient. [Exit

Room of State in the s
N, HAMLET, POLON
, CORNELIUS, Lords,

mlet our dear brother's
d that it us befitted
f, and our whole kingd
drow of woe ;
n fought with nature,
ow think on him,
ance of ourselves.
; sister, now our que

I were, with a delighted joy,—
 suspicious, and one dropping eye;
 As in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 Scale weighing delight and dole,—
 A wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 His affair along.—For all, our thanks.
 It follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Allowing a weak supposal of our worth,
 Thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Solicited with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to postur us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands,
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is—We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His farther gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject.—and we here despatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltinand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.
 Farewell—and let your haste command your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltinand and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit, What is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy taking?

The hand is not more native to the heart,

Let
Your leave and
From whence though with
To show my duty in your coronation.
Yet now, I must confess that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King Have you your father's leave? What says Polo-
nius?

Pol. He hath my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave,
By labour some petition, and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.——
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,——
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [Aside.]

King How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'th' sun.

Queen Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever with thy vail'd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common, all that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen Why seems it so particular with thee? If it be,
Ham Seems, madam! nay, it is, I know not seem.
'Tis not alone my ink'd cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, see

A heart untormented, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

So excellent.
Hyperion to a satyr.
That he might not be seen to
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven
Must I remember? why, she would hang on me,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.
Hor. Hail to your lordship.

My good lord,——

M. I am very glad to see you; good even,
what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Lor. A truant disposition, good, my lord.

Lam. I would not hear your enemy say so :
nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
make it trust of your own report
against yourself: I know you are no truant.

What is your affair in Elsinore?

I'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Lor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Lam. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student,
it was to see my mother's wedding.

Lor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Lam. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-bak'd n
boldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Had I had met my dearest foe in heaven
or I had seen that day, Horatio!—

There,—Methinks, I see my father.

What?

What?

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead waist and middle of the night,
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Arm'd at point, exactly, cap-à-pié,
 Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; while they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him: This to me,
 In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
 And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham.

But where was this?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor.

My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham.

'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

All.

We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All.

Arm'd, my lord.

Ham.

From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham.

Then saw you

His face.

pale. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

stantly. I would, I had been there.
have much amaz'd you. Very like,

d it long?
one with moderate haste might tell a
d.
onger, longer.
en I saw it.

His beard was grizzled? no?
, as I have seen it in his life,
d.

I will watch to-night ;
will walk again.

I warrant, it will.
assume my noble father's person,
it, though hell itself should gape,
hold my peace. I pray you all,
hitherto conceal'd this sight,
in your silence still ;
in night.

Laer. My necessities are embarras'd, —
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it so more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thaws, and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now so soot, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

And
Cool
Be w
Yest
Op
As w
Do n
Shew
Whi
Him
And
L
I sta

A de
Occ
P
The
And

And
Lor
Nor
Be
If
r

I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you ;

[*Laying his Hand on Laertes' Head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,

Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

FOR THE FIRST TIME

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit Laertes.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord

Pol. Marry, well bethought: [Hamlet.]

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unlusted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus), you'll tender me a fool.

Hamlet Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
Marcellus I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near

Whereto the spirit held is wont to walk.

[*A flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off.*]
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations.
They clepe us, drunkards, and with awinish phrase
Soil our addition, and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners,—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo),
Shall, in the general censure, take corruption
From that particular fault. The drama of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou
That I
King,
Let me
Why t
Have
Where
Hath
To ca
That t
Revis
Makin
So bo
With
Say,
Ho
As if
To ye
Ma
It wa
But o
Ho
H
H
H
I d
An
Be
H

HAMLET.

Not in such a questionable shape,
 I'll speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 O, answer me;
 Not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 So burst their cements! why the sepulchre,
 wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. O, on, I'll follow thee.

It waves me still:—

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 't makes each petty artery in this body
 as hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.]

Ham. I am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[Breaking from them.]

Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—

Away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no

Ghost. Mark me. [Further.]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 when I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 to what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

confin'd for a certain term to walk the night;

and for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,

to see the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

to tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could
 Would
 Make
 Thy
 And
 Like
 But this
 To care
 If thou
 Ham.
 Ghost
 Ham.
 Ghost
 But this is
 Ham. H
 As medicine
 May sweet
 Ghost.
 And dull
 That rots me
 Wouldst thou
 'Tis given out
 A serpent at
 Is, by a fang
 Rankly abs
 The serpent
 Now wears
 Ham. O, to
 Ghost. Ay,
 With witcher
 (O wicked w
 So to seduce
 The will of a
 O, Hamlet, w
 From me, wh
 That it went
 I made to b
 Upon a w
 To thou
 But vi

... combined locks to part,
particular hair to stand an-end,
is upon the fretful porcupine :
ternal blazon must not be
f flesh and blood :—List, list, O list!—
idst ever thy dear father love,——
O heaven!

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Murder?

Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
most foul, strange, and unnatural.
I haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
tion, or the thoughts of love,
p to my revenge.

I find thee apt ;
shouldst thou be than the fat weed
tself in ease on Lethe wharf,
ou not stir in this? Now, Hamlet, hear :
at, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
tong me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
ped process of my death,
I'd : but know. thou noble

Upon my secure hear thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hemlock in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth poise
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most larva-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, hear it out;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's night, leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

*The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:*
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
And shall I couple hell?—O ho!—Hold, hold, my

On the table of my memory
I away all trivial fond records,
As of books, all forms, all pressures past,
Youth and observation copied there;
Thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Mix'd with baser matter: yea, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tablet,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu!* remember me.
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within] My lord, my lord,——

Mar. [Within] Lord Hamlet,——

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then? would heart of man once
But you'll be secret,—— [think it?—

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Ham. Why, right; you are—
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yet
Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio.
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good night.
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?
We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen.

Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'th' earth
so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

ACT II.



SCENE I. A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo, Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it: Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him As thus,—I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say, y

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, That he is open to incontinency; That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly, That they may seem the taints of liberty: The flash and out-break of a fiery mind; A savageness in unreclaimed blood, Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having over seen in the predominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;

HAMLET.

ACT 2.

ses with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;
him yesterday, or t'other day,
a, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;
falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
him enter such a house of sale,
icet, a brothel), or so forth.*—

u now;
bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
us do we of wisdom and of reach,
windlaces, and with assays of bias,
lirections find directions out;
my former lecture and advice,
ou my son: You have me, have you not?
. My lord, I have.

God be wi' you; fare you well.

. Good, my lord,——
Observe his inclination in yourself.
. I shall, my lord.
And let him ply his music.

Well, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.

Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted
With what, in the name of heaven?

. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
t upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
ter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
s his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
with a look so piteous in purport,
he had been loosed out of hell,
eak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Mad for thy love?

My lord, I do not know;
ly, I do fear it.

What said he?

He took me by the wrist, and held me ba

Another hand thus o'er his brow,
 Such perusal of my face,
 And draw it. Long stay'd he so;
 A little shaking of mine arm,
 And his head thus waving up and down,—
 And a sigh so piteous and profound,
 And seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And his being: That done, he lets me go:
 And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 Seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 And out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beset with jealousy!
 It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. (more
 Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDEN-
 STERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you, did provoke

HAMLET.**ACT 2.**

g. Something have you heard
sformation ; so I call it,
erior nor the inward man
was : What it should be,
her's death, that thus hath put him
e understanding of himself,
f: I entreat you both,
so young days brought up with him;
ighbour'd to his youth and humour,—
afe your rest here in our court
so by your companies
to pleasures : and to gather,
occasion you may glean,
to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
s within our remedy.
gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
two men there are not living,
e adheres. If it will please you
uch gentry, and good will,
ur time with us awhile,
nd profit of our hope,
hall receive such thanks
emembrance.

Both your majesties
vereign power you have of us,
pleasures more into command

But we both obey;
p ourselves, in the full bent,
be freely at your feet,
ed.

, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
ks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-
ou instantly to visit [crantz:
anged son.—Go, some of you,
gentlemen where Hamlet is.
make our presence, and our
ful to him!

Ay, amen!

Rosencrantz, Guildenstern

to my God, and to my gracious king:
I do think (or else this brain of mine
puts not the trial of policy so sure
it hath us'd to do), that I have found
the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassad
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
[Exit

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemp

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and*
NELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome,
friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norw

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and de
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies: which to him

HAMLET.

ACT 2.

mission, to employ those soldiers,
before, against the Polack :
eaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a Paper.*
please you to give quiet pass
dominions, for this enterprise;
rds of safety, and allowance,
set down.

It likes us well :
more consider'd time, we'll read,
think upon this business.
e thank you for your well-took labour :
est ; at night we'll feast together :
e home! [*Exeunt Volt. and Cor.*

This business is well ended.
madam, to expostulate
should be, what duty is,
ay, night night, and time is time,
but to waste night, day, and time.
ince brevity is the soul of wit,
ess the limbs and outward flourishes,—
: Your noble son is mad :
for, to define true madness,
t to be nothing else but mad ?
o.

More matter, with less art.
n, I swear I use no art at all.
d, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
'tis true : a foolish figure ;
t, for I will use no art.
ant him then : and now remains,
out the cause of this effect ;
, the cause of this defect ;
t, defective, comes by cause :
ns, and the remainder thus.

hter ; have, while she is mine ;
uty and obedience, mark,
this : Now gather, and surmi

Came this from Hamlet to her?
Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful,—
Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.]
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,
O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst thou
livest, HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should look herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed (a short tale to make),

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

HAMLET.

At madness wherein now he raves,
All we mourn for.

Queen. It may be, very likely
Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
When it prov'd otherwise? 'Tis so,

King. Take this from this, Not that I know.
If circumstances lead me, if this be otherwise:
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. [Pointing to his Head and Shoulder
together,

King. You know, How may we try it further?
Here in the lobby. Sometimes he walks four hours
Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters. We will try it.

King. Enter HAMLET, reading.
Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you
Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world
is one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. Blessing;
look to't.

Pol. How say you
my daughter—ye
was a fishmonger
in my youth I su
near this. I'll
read, my lord.

Ham. What

Pol. What

Ham. But

Pol. I see

Ham. So

that old

wrinkled

tree go

together

though

hold

self

go

HAMLET.

or if the sun breed maggots
In me, kissing carrion,—Have
I not, my lord.

Let her not walk i'the sun:
For she will melt; but as your daughter may con-
fess.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside*]
My daughter:—yet he knew me not at
all as a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone,
my youth I suffered much extremity
near this. I'll speak to him again.—
Read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical
that old men have grey beards; that
wrinkled; their eyes purging thick an
tree gum; and that they have a plenti-
ful together with most weak hams: All
though I most powerfully and potent-
ly hold it not honesty to have it thus set d-
own on self, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there
is a method in it. [*Aside*] Will you walk out of the
air?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—
Sometimes his replies are! a happiness
happens on, which reason and sanit-
y prosperously be delivered of. I will
suddenly contrive the means of meeting
and my daughter.—My honourable lord
humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me
anything I will more willingly part withal; except
my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir ! *[To Polonius.—Exit Pol.*

Guil. My honour'd lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !—

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over happy ;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world is grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near : But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you : for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so : to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one : 'tis too

such matter: I will not sort you with the
servants; for, to speak to you like an honest
most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten
dship, what make you at Elsinore?
visit you, my lord; no other occasion.
gar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
ou: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are
lfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it
ining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come;
h me: come, come; nay, speak.
should we say, my lord?
hing—but to the purpose. You were
ere is a kind of confession in your looks,
lesties have not craft enough to colour:
od king and queen have sent for you.
end, my lord?
ou must teach me. But let me conjure
s of our fellowship, by the consonance
the obligation of our
at —

no other thing to me, than a ~~con-~~
gation of vapours. What a piece of ~~work~~
How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in ~~form~~
and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how
like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the
beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet,
to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights
not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling,
you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man
delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man,
what lenten entertainment the players shall receive
from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are
they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his
majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous
knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall ~~be~~
sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part
in ~~tears~~: the clown shall make those laugh, whose ~~lives~~
are ~~the more~~; and the lady shall say her ~~part~~
~~--- shall have some --- that will~~

in the question.

Ham. Is it possible!

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make months at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sibood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

a treasure

more,
g well.

[Aside.

h?
ord, I have a

then, you know,
the first row of the
; for look, my

ayers.

come, all:—I am glad
good friends.—O, old

much more than
chiefly loved:
about of it espec
slaughter: If it live
let me see, let me

The rugged Pyrrhus
'tis not so; it begins
The rugged Pyrrhus,
Black as his purpose,
When he lay couched,
Hath now this dread
With heraldry more
Now is he total gules; hor
With blood of fathers, not
Bak'd and impasted with
That lend a tyrannous
To their lord's murder:
And thus deriv'd with

... when I saw you last, by the
... a ~~supine~~ *supine*. Pray God, your voice, like a
current gold, be not cracked within the rim
ers, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't
h falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll ha
h straight: Come, give us a taste of your qual
, a passionate speech.

lay. What speech, my lord?

m. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but
ever acted; or, if it was, not above once: for t
I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas cavia
general: but it was (as I received it, and other
judgments, in such matters, cried in the top
, an excellent play; well digested in the scene
wn with as much modesty as cunning. I remen
re said, there were no sallads in the lines, to mak
tter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, th
indite the author of affection: but called it, a
method, as wholesome as sweet, and by ve
ore handsome than fine. One speech in it
loved: 'twas *Æneas*' tale to Dido; and ther
f it especially, where he ~~speaks of Dido~~
... If it live in your memory

HAMLET.

eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
 greets me Priam seeks;—So pressed you,
 O! 'Vors God, my lord, well spoken; with good
 out, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him
 taking too short at Greeks, his antique sword,
 ebed out to his arm, lies where it falls,
 repugnant to command. I nequal match'd;
 Pyrrhus as Priam denies, in rage, strikes wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Hium,
 Seeing to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base, and with a hirsute crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For, to his sword,
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick:
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 Deth rend the region. So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a-work,
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 On Mars' armour, forged for proof eternal,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam—
 Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
 In general synod, take away her power;
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
 As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your boy.
 Pritho, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of
 ho sleeps:—say on: come to Flaccus.
 1 Play. But who, ah woe! had seen the man
 Ham. The nobled queen?

With hi
 Where
 About
 A bla
 Who
 'Gain
 But
 Wh
 In a
 The
 (U
 W
 An

in
 u

and all o'er-teemed loins,
Blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have;
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious spoils
In mincing with his sword her husband's lies
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eye of
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his
has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out
this soon.—Good, my lord, will you see
well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well
they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of
After your death you were better have a book
than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according
desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man. ~~much more~~

ACT 2.

HAMLET.

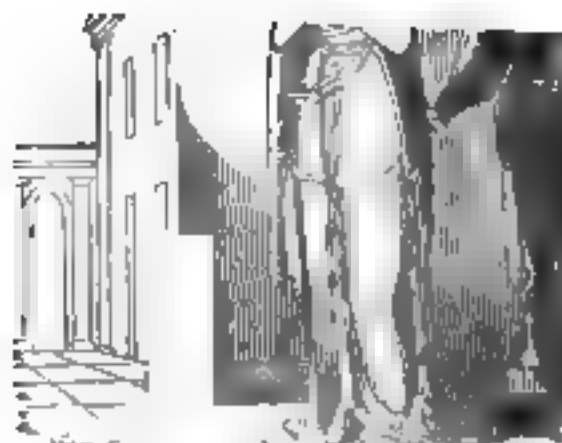
, my lord.
 y well.—Follow that lord; and look you
 ot. [Exit Player] My good friends, [To
 all.] I'll leave you till night: you are wel-
 sinore.
 od my lord!

[Exit Rosencrans and Guildenstern.
 Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
 a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 monstrous, that this player here,
 fiction, in a dream of passion,
 orcs his soul so to his own conceit,
 rom her working, all his viage wann'd;
 in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 ken voice, and his whole function suiting
 forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
 Heecuba!

at's Heecuba to him, or he to Heecuba,
 at he should weep for her? What would he do,
 id he the motive and the cue for passion,
 at I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 nd cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
 lake mad the guilty, and appeal the free,
 Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.
 Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing, no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damp'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Twinks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the thr
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha!
 Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 On this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy vi

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have
heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions!
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.



SCENE I. A Room in the
Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, O
CRANTZ, and GUILDENST

King. And can you by no drift of
Get from him, why he puts on this c
Acting so harshly all his days of and

Pol. Madam, it so fell out, that certain
 e o'er-raught on the way: of these we to
 and there did seem in him a kind of joy
 to hear of it: They are about the court;
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most t
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majest
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth m
 me
 To hear him so inclin'd.
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Gr*

King. Sweet Gertrude, le
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 Affront Ophelia:
 Her father, and myself (lawful espials),
 Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing, unsee
 We may of their encounter frankly judge;
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
 And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, you
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it n

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious
 you,

We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this

That show of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame i

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

on this regard, their currents turn awry,
I lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
O fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy orisons
all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good, my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
that I have longed long to re-deliver;
May you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did
send, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
that made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
to these again; for to the noble mind,
rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
Fare you, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your father should have

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool so where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry, Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more of't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That suck'd the honey of his music vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,

astounded with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
I have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce
it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you move
it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the trol-
ler spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air

are capable of nothing but inexpressible
and noise: I would have such a fellow
o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod:
avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but
discretion be your tutor: suit the action
to the word to the action; with this spec-
that you o'erstep not the modesty of
thing so overdone is from the purp-
whose end, both at first, and now, was
as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to
own feature, scorn her own image, to
and body of time, his form and pressure
done, or come tardy off, though it m-
laugh, cannot but make the judicious
sure of which one, must, in your allow-
a whole theatre of others. O, there
have seen play,—and heard others

ous ; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool
it uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
 STERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of
 work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit Polonius.*]
 Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
 flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election,
 She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know:

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

belov'd, and, haply, one as kind
and shalt thou——

O, confound the rest!
must needs be treason in my breast:
husband let me be accurst!
the second, but who kill'd the first.
at's wormwood.

The instances, that second marriage move,
pects of thrift, but none of love;
ne I kill my husband dead,
d husband kisses me in bed.

I do believe, you think what now you
ak:

e do determine, oft we break.
ut the slave to memory;
irth, but poor validity:
like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
aken, when they mellow be.
ry 'tis, that we forget
ves what to ourselves is debt:
elves in passion we propose,
nding, doth the purpose lose.
of either mind

light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and
To desperation turn my trust and hope
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scorn
Each opposite, that blanks the face of
Meet what I would have well, and it do
Both here, and hence, pursue me last
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet
awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would
The tedious day with sleep.

P. Queen. Sleep rest

And never come mischance between us

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument

law for revenge.
thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
greeing;
e season, else no creature seeing;
ure rank, of midnight weeds collected,
te's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
l magic and dire property,
ome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears*
e poisons him i'the garden for his estate.
Gonzago; the story is extant, and written
ice Italian: You shall see anon, how the
ts the love of Gonzago's wife.
king rises.

at! frightened with false fire?
ow fares my lord?
o'er the play.
e me some light:—away!
s, lights, lights!

■ a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; c
corders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, p

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDEN

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a w

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself

...y^e, our behaviour hath struck
renewment and admiration.

Wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!
No sequel at the heels of this mother's
impart.

Desires to speak with you in her closet, ere
d.

shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
y further trade with us?

ord, you once did love me.

do still, by these pickers and stealers.

, my lord, what is your cause of distemper?

y, but bar the door upon your own liberty,
your griefs to your friend.

I lack advancement.

can that be, when you have the voice of
elf for your succession in Denmark?

r, but, *While the grass grows*,—the pro-
ving musty.

• *the Players, with Recorders.*

t:—let me see one.—To withdraw—

be p^r
you will,
y upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

ess you, sir!

My lord, the queen would speak with you.

ntly.
am. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in
pe of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a whale.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by—
They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-
and-by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[Exit Polonius.

Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

To keep
That spirit
The liver
Dies no
What?
Fix'd
To
Are
He
A

gue and soul in this be hypocrites:
If my words soever *she* be shent,
To them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

SCENE III. A Room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
If your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

'o hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home:
and, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
the speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
and tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Why what repentance can: What can it not?
O what can it, when one cannot repent?

ay be well!

[Retires, and

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, yea, now he is pray-
ing; now I'll do't; and so he goes to heaven:
so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
O villain kills my father; and, for that,
my sole son, do this same villain send
to heaven.

Yea, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
with all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as Ma-
jesty, how his audit stands, who knows, save hea-
ven; in our circumstance and course of thought
is heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
to take him in the purging of his soul,
when he is fit and season'd for his passage?

With sword; and know thou a more horrid hent
when he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
or in his rage, or about some act

him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen.

I'll warrant you ;

Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham.

What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham.

No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;

And,—'would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my w
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[To P]

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit you
And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st v
tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks

station like the herald Mercury,
low-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
'To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;—

our precedent lord :—a vice of kings :
purse of the empire and the rule ;
from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
put it in his pocket!

een.

No more.

Enter Ghost.

m.

A king

reds and patches :—

me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

heavenly guards!—What would your graci

een. Alas, he's mad.

[fig

m. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

laps'd in time and passion, let's go by

important acting of your dread command?

y!

ost. Do not forget: This visitation

t to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

look! amazement on thy mother sits:

ep between her and her fighting soul;

ent in weakest bodies strongest works;

k to her, Hamlet.

.. . . .

HAMLET.

ACT 3.

hem capable.—Do not look upon me;
piteous action, you convert
s: then what I have to do
colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Whom do you speak this?

Do you see nothing there?
ing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Did you nothing hear?

No, nothing, but ourselves.
look you there! look, how it steals away!
is habit as he liv'd!

e goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

is the very coinage of your brain:
recreation ecstasy

g in.

y!

ours, doth temperately keep time,
wealthful music: It is not madness,
er'd: bring me to the test,
er will re-word; which madness
from. Mother, for love of grace,
uttering unction to your soul,
repass, but my madness, speaks:
and film the ulcerous place;
rruption, mining all within,

Confess yourself to heaven;
ast; avoid what is to come;
ead the compost on the weeds,
ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
ss of these pursy times,
vice must pardon beg;
woo, for leave to do him good.
mlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
ow away the worser part of it,
rer with the other half.
it go not to my uncle's bed;
, if you have it not.
ustom, who all sense doth eat
, is angel yet in this;

nence: the next morning
an change the stamp of nature,
the devil, or throw him out
potency. Once more, good night;
re desirous to be bless'd,
of you.—For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.

it heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
with this, and this with me,
their scourge and minister.
him, and will answer well
ve him. So, again, good night!—
l, only to be kind:
is, and worse remains behind.—
more, good lady.

What shall I do?
his, by no means, that I bid you do:
king tempt you again to bed;
on your cheek; call you, his mouse;
for a pair of reechy kisses,
n your neck with his damn'd fingers,
ravel all this matter out,
in madness,

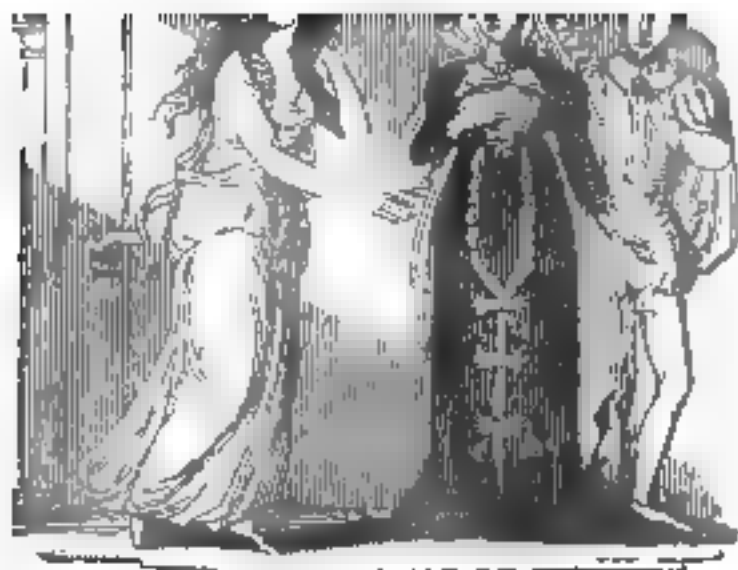
Queen.

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go har
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sw
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in



SCENE I. *The same.*

KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

**There's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves;**

ACT 4.

HAMLET.

With us, had we been there;
 all of threats to all;
 If, to us, to every one.
 All this bloody deed be answer'd?
 To us, whose providence
 kept short, restrain'd, and out of hamlet,
 any man: but, so much was our love,
 not understand what was most fit;
 no owner of a foul disease,
 from divulging, let it feed
 the pith of life. Where is he gone?
 To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
 no his very madness, like some ore,
 a mineral of metals here,
 itself pure, he weeps for what is done.
 O, Gertrude, come away!
 no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
 sent, with all our majesty and skill,
 countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
 ends both, go join you with some further aid:
 unlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 ad from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
 o, seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
 into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
 [Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our man,
 And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay.]

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it and bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—application should be made by the son of a king

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers performing best service in the end: He keeps them, like a peep, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to swallow: When he needs what you have given him, but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall gain.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sle

HAMLET.

At the strong law on him:
 Distracted multitude,
 Their judgment, but their eyes;
 The offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 Hence. To bear all smooth and even,
 Laying him away must seem
 Diseases, desperate grown,
 Phance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now? what hath befallen?
 Is the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
 Set from him

But where is he?
 About, my lord; guarded, to know your
 Measure

Bring him before us.
 Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.
 Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

At supper.

At supper? Where?
 Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a
 Convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.
 Worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all
 Ourselves else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for mag-
 nable service, two dishes, but to one table; that's
 the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat
 a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that
 worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go
 progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your mes-
 senger find him not there, seek him in the other place
 himself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this

W
F
W
T
The
For

Ham.
King.
Ham.
King.
Ham.

for England
King. T
Ham. N

wife; man
Come, for E
King. Ro

Delay it no
Away; for
That else)

And, Rog
(As my g
Since ye
After th
Pays ho
Our so
By let
The p
For G
And
H

NE 3.

h, you shall no
bby.

ng. Go seek hi
m. He will stu

ng. Hamlet, th
ch we do tende
that which tho
h fiery quickne
bark is ready;
associates tenc
England.

am. Fo

ing.

lam.

King. So is it, i

lam. I see a c

England!—Fa

King. Thy lovi

Ham. My moth

e; man and w

me, for Englar

King. Follow

aboard;

elay it not, I'll

vay; for every

at else leans o

[

nd, England, it

as my great po

nce yet thy cir

fter the Danish

ays homage to

ur sovereign p

y letters conju

he present des

or like the hec

nd thou must

owe'er my ha

SCENE IV. *A Plain in DENMARK.*

Enter FORTINBRAS and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
At ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

good, and market of his time,
leep, and feed? a beast, no more.
at made us with such large discourse,
fore, and after, gave us nob
ility and godlike reason
is unus'd. Now, whether it be
vion, or some craven scruple
g too precisely on the event,—
which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
three parts coward,—I do not know
live to say, *This thing's to do*;
cause, and will, and strength, and means,
Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
his army, of such mass, and charge,
delicate and tender prince;
rit, with divine ambition puff'd,
aths at the invisible event;
what is mortal, and unsure,
fortune, death, and danger, dare,
n egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
stir without great argument;
~~— to find~~ quarrel in a straw,

HAMLET.

ACT 4.

SCENE V. ELISIMORE. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. — I will not speak with her.
 Hor. She is importunate, indeed, distract;
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?
 Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
 There's tricks in the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense. her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The listeners to collection, they aim at it,
 And butch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures, yield them,
 Indeed would make one think, there might be thought
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for a
 may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Let her come in. [Exit Hor.]
 To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?
 Queen. How now, Ophelia?
 Oph. How should I your true-love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this?
 Oph. Say you 'nay, pray you, mark.
 He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

*Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we a
know not what we may be. God be at your ta*

King. Conceit upon her father.

*Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
they ask you what it means, say you this:*

*Good morrow, 'tis saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:*

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an e
By Gis, and by saint Charity,*

HAMLET.

ACT 7.

id ground. My brother shall know of it,
 ask you for your good counsel. Come, my
 od night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies:
 , good night. [Exit.
 'ollow her close; give her good watch, I pray
 you. [Exit Horatio.

the poison of deep grief; it springs
 her father's death And now behold,
 ade, Gertrude,
 orrows come, they come not single spies,
 battalions! First, her father slain;
 your son gone, and he most violent author
 own just remove The people muddled,
 and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 od Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly,
 gger mugger to inter him - Poor Ophelia
 ded from herself, and her fair judgment;
 hout the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 t, and as much containing as all these,
 r brother is in secret come from France:
 eds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 id wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 ith pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 herein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 ill nothing stick our person to arraign
 in ear and ear O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Lake to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A Noise within.

Alack! what noise is this?

Queen. Enter a Gentleman.

King Attend.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
 What is the matter?

Gent.

Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eals not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antio
 The
 They
 Caps
 Laer

Q
 O, this
 King.

E
 Laer
 Don
 Laer
 Don

Laer
 Give n
 Que
 Lae

Cries
 Even
 Of n
 K
 The
 Let
 The
 Th
 Ac
 W
 S

een. How cheerfully on the false trail they
is is counter, you false Danish dogs.
ig. The doors are broke. *[Noise u*

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.
er. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all wi
n. No, let's come in.
er. I pray you, give me
n. We will, we will.

[They retire without the
er. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile
me my father.

een. Calmly, good Laertes.
er. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaim
bastard;
, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
y true mother.

ig. What is the cause, Laertes,
thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
im go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
's such divinity doth hedge a king.

That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

ing,
it move thus.
You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call hi*
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the fal
that stole his master's daughter.
his nothing's more than matter.
ere's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pra
remember: and there is pansies, that's fo

document in madness; thoughts and remen
ed.

here's fennel for you, and columbines!-
for you; and here's some for me:—we ma
b of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear you
difference.—There's a daisy:—I would gi
violets; but they withered all, when n
l:—They say, he made a good end,——
onny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sing
'hought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
to favour, and to prettiness.

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?

[Sing

our crown, our life, and all that we can call,
To you in satisfaction ; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so ;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall ;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit

SCENE VI. Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors,

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.
[Exit Servant]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter
for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that
bound for England ; if your name be Horatio, as
let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads] Horatio, when thou shalt have
looked this, give these fellows some means to

soner. They have dealt with me, like ~~some~~
but they knew what they did; I am to
n for them. Let the king have the lette
t; and repair thou to me with as much has
uldst fly death. I have words to speak in t
l make thee dumb; yet are they much too l
bore of the matter. These good fellows will b
ere I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
urse for England: of them I have much to
Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET
I will give you way for these your letters;
o't the speedier, that you may direct me
from whom you brought them. [Exit

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter KING and LAERTES.

3. Now must your conscience my acquit
seal,
ou must put me in your heart for friend;
and with a knowing ear.

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
 A sister driven into desperate terms;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
 think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
 I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
 How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not.
 They were given me by Claudio; he received them
 Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:
 Leave us. [Exit Messenger]

[Reads] High and mighty, you shall know, I am
 naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave
 to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your
 pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sad
 and more strange return. HAMLET
 What should this mean? Are all the rest come to
 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

~~What say'st thou?~~
I am lost in it, my lord. But let him eat
as the very sickness in my heart,
shall live and tell him to his teeth,
hiddest thou.

If it be so, Laertes,
should it be so?—how otherwise?—
can be rul'd by me?

Ay, my lord;
will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
To thine own peace. If he be now return'd
king at his voyage, and that he means
to undertake it,—I will work him
exploit, now ripe in my device,
by which he shall not choose but fall;
his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
his mother shall uncharge the practice,
it, accident.

My lord, I will be rul'd;
if you could devise it so,
I might be the organ.

It falls within

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, inde
 And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you: the scrimers of their na
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
 Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lon

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your f
 But that I know, love is begun by time;
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too-much: 'That we would do
 We should do when we would; for this would
 And hath abatements and delays as many,

an in words?

To cut his throat i'the churc

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuari
e should have no bounds. But, good Laer
u do this, keep close within your chamber:
, return'd, shall know you are come home:
ut on those shall praise your excellence,

a double varnish on the fame
enchman gave you; bring you, in fine, toget
ger o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
enerous, and free from all contriving,
ot peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
a little shuffling, you may choose
d unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
e him for your father.

I will do't:

or the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
it an unction of a mountebank,
tal, that, but dip a knife in it,
it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
ed from all simples that have virtue
the moon, can save the thing from death,
I'll touch my point

And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laer

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
*I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.*

King.

Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow.



SCENE 1. A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

**Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
seeks her own salvation?**

**I tell thee, she is; therefore make her go
: the owner hath set on her, and find**

him, he drowns not himself; Argal, he, that guilty of his own death, shortens not his own

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more that great folks shall have countenance in this to drown or hang themselves, more than their even tian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gotten but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou stand the Scripture? the Scripture says, Adam Could he dig without arms? I'll put another to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, I'll fess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out of thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; thou does well: But how does it well? it does well that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the gallows built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about a knave that doth so gallantly talk of his own death, as he does daily when he's a-living; he will not mend his pace with beating.

*youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
Contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.
Has this fellow no feeling of his business
grave-making.
Custom hath made it in him a proper*

*'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employ
daintier sense.*

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a Skull]
That scull had a tongue in it, and could
show the knave jowls it to the ground, as
a man's jaw-bone, that did the first murder!
This was the pate of a politician, which this ass
has trodden on; one that would circumvent God, m

1 Clo. *A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made.
For such a guest is meet.*

, [Throws u

Ham. There's another: Why may not this
scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits
quillits, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks
does he suffer this rude knave now to knock
the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not
his action of battery? Humph! This fellow
in's time a great buyer of land, with his sta
recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,
veries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the re
his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of
will his vouchers vouch him no more of his
and double ones too, than the length and bre
pair of indentures? The very conveyances of
will hardly lie in this box; and must the inhe
self have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skin

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which
assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow
grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore
yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and
thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick;
thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away as
me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

How absolute the knave is! we must speak
ard, or equivocation will undo us. By
ratio, these three years I have taken note
e is grown so picked, that the toe of the p
es so near the heel of the courtier, he g
—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that d
ast king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

How long's that since?

Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that
it very day that young Hamlet was born: b
d, and sent into England.

Why, marry, why was he sent into England?

Why, because he was mad: he shall recove
re; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Why?

Will not be seen in him there; there th
mad as he.

How came he mad?

Very strangely, they say.

How strangely?

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was:
you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad
poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head o
same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king

Ham. This? [Take

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him
a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellen
hath borne me on his back a thousand times
how abhorred in my imagination it is! my
at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kis
not how oft. Where be your gibes now?
bols? your songs? your flashes of merr
were wont to set the table on a roar? Not
mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen
you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let l
inch thick, to this favour she must come
laugh at that. Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me o

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander lo
fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Throws dou

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may retur
Why may not imagination trace the no
Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-h

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously,
so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow
with modesty enough, and likelihood to
thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buri
der returneth to dust; the dust is earth;
make loam: And why of that loam, wh
converted, might they not stop a beer-b
Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd t
Might stop a hole to keep the wind

such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
they follow, did with desperate hand
own life. 'Twas of some estate:
awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horat*
What ceremony else?

That is Laertes,

ble youth: Mark.

What ceremony else?

. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
e warranty: Her death was doubtful;
that great command o'ersways the order,
l in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
st trumpet; for charitable prayers,
its, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
he is allow'd her virgin crants,
n strewments, and the bringing home
l burial.

ust there no more be done?

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[Leaps into the Grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing] What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
 Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the Grave.]*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Ham. 'Thou pray'st not well.
 I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
 For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
 Yet have I in me something dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good, my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
 Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear
 thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

...ssa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mount
...nt as well as thou.

...een. This is mere madness
thus awhile the fit will work on him;
, as patient as the female dove,
...n that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
silence will sit drooping.

...m. Hear you, sir;
...t is the reason that you use me thus?
...d you ever: But it is no matter;
Hercules himself do what he may,
...at will mew, and dog with have his day.
...ng. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon I

[Exit I]
...gthen your patience in our last night's spee
[To I]

...put the matter to the present push.—
Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
grave shall have a living monument:
ur of quiet shortly shall we see;
...en, in patience our proceeding be. [

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certai

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission ; read it at m
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play:—I sat me down ;
Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statist's do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service : Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good, my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them, like the palm, might flourish
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and knowing of these conter
Without debatement further, more or less,

was the model of that Danish seal :
the writ up in form of the other ;
b'd it ; gave't the impression ; plac'd it safe
angeling never known : Now, the next day
ir sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
now'st already.

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
. Why, man, they did make love to this emp
ment ;
re not near my conscience ; their defeat
y their own insinuation grow :
gerous, when the baser nature comes
n the pass and fell incensed points
hty opposites.

Why, what a king is this !
. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upo
bath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother
in between the election and my hopes ;
out his angle for my proper life,
th such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscienc
him with this arm ? and is't not to be dam
his canker of our nature come

Enter Osr.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to know him : He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'Tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit : Your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his Hat.]

Osr. Nay, good, my lord ; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you ;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory ; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearch and rareness,

The concernancy, sir: why --
an in our more rawer breath?
Sir?

Is't not possible to understand in and
? You will do't, sir, really.

What imports the nomination of this ge

Of Laertes?

His purse is empty already; all his ge
are spent.

m. Of him, sir.

I know, you are not ignorant——

m. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
ld not much approve me;—Well, sir.

You are not ignorant of what excellence La

m. I dare not confess that, lest I should co
him in excellence; but, to know a man well
ow himself.

I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the i
aid on him by them, in his meed he's unfe

m. What's his weapon?

—I do not know

matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on), only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know if your ple

sure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *[Exit Lord.]*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds, but thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good, my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the Hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

ly;
y.—
for me.
ine ignorance
t night;

, sir.

g Osric.—Cousin
[Hamlet,

my lord;
weaker side.
een you both:—
herefore odds.
e see another.
These foils have all a
[They prepare to play.

Here's to thy

[Tru

Ham. I'll

Come.—Another

Laer. A touch

King. Our so

Queen.

Here, Hamlet, take

The queen carouses

Ham. Good madam,

King.

Queen. I will, my lord

King. It is the queen

Ham. I dare not

Queen. Come, let

Laer. My lord, it

King.

Let all the battlements their ordnance unclothe,
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cup
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth:
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir:

Laer. Come, my lord. [T

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. J

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—as

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this
thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by aw

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffle, they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incorne.

Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls]

Osr. Look to the queen there!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is't, lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd!

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
 Drink off this potion:—Is the union here? [*Dane,*
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
 It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
 Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
 I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, death,
 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you,—
 But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
 Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
 Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
 O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 To tell my story.— [*March afar off, and shot within.*
 What warlike noise is this?

Os. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
 Poland,
 To the ambassadors of England gives
 This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
 The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
 I cannot live to hear the news from England;
 But I do prophesy, the election lights
 On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
 O tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
 Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ;—Good night, sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ? [March within.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it, you would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc !—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
'That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
'The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
'To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
'That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you ;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about : So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
*For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.*

ov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
's music, and the rites of war,
ly for him.—

a bodies :—Such a sight as this
e field, but here shows much amiss.

e soldiers shoot.

[*A dead Marci*
ant, bearing off the dead Bodies; after which
a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.



amas of Shakspeare were to be characterise
e particular excellence which distinguishes
est, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet
of variety. The incidents are so numerous
gument of the play would make a long tale
are interchangeably diversified with merriment
solemnity : with merriment that included
and instructive observations ; and solemn

ment than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an accident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced. The exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have been formed, to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the rest of the dead to little purpose: the revenge which the dead demands is not obtained, but by the death of him who was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

JOHN



112
e Government of

nato, and Wife to

Cassio.

rs, Musicians, Sailors,
e.

Venice; during the rest
report in Cyprus.

Rod. That thou, Iago,
As if the string
Iago. 'Sblood, but
If ever I did dream
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me
Iago. Despise me, if
Is personal suit to me;
Oft capp'd to him;—and
I know my price, I am
But he, as loving his own
Evades them, with a word
Horribly stuff'd with
And, in conclusion,
My undertaker; for so
I have already chose.
And what was he?

SCENE I. VENICE. A Street.

Enter RODRIGO and IAGO.

Rod. **T**uan, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me;—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despire me, if I do not. Three great ones of the
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, [city,
Of cap'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster:
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God bless the mark!) his moorship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd;
 Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their
 coats,
 Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul.
 And such a one do I profess myself.
 'Or, sir,

... as not long after
I wear my heart upon my sleeve
to peck at: I am not what I am.

What a full fortune does the thick-lips
on an carry't thus!

Call up her father,
him: make after him, poison his delight,
in him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
though he in a fertile climate dwell,
him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
now such changes of vexation on't,
may lose some colour.

Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
y, by night and negligence, the fire
in populous cities.

What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio,
Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Cru. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to
do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have
your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll
have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers
for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent
(As partly, I find, it is), that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,

Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
 But with a keave of common hire, a gondolier,—
 To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor,—
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper;—call up all my people:
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already:
 Light, I say! light! [Exit from above,

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
 However this may gall him with some check,—
 Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars
 (Which even now stand in act), that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love, [him,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely see
 Lead to the baggitary the rais'd search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter, below, BRABANTIO and Servants, with Torch
Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;

And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are. [blood!—

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of the
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother!—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—
That thee magnifico is much belov'd;

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on),
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signatory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate), I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, unbounetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unbowed free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with
Torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been lately call'd
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Erit.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carac;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of Night,
with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[They Draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons. [daughter?]

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense.

hold upon him; if he do resist,
ne him at his peril.

Hold your hands,
you of my inclining, and the rest :
it my cue to fight, I should have known it
out a prompter.—Where will you that I go
swer this your charge?

To prison : till fit
v, and course of direct session,
ee to answer.

What, if I do obey?
ay the duke be therewith satisfied ;
messengers are here about my side,
ome present business of the state,
ig me to him?

'Tis true, most worthy signic
ke's in council ; and your noble self,
re, is sent for.

How! the duke in council!

OTHELLO.

Indeed, they are disproportion—
Nay, a hundred and seven galleys.
And mine, a hundred and forty.

And mine, two hundred.
gh they jump not on a just account
these cases, where the aim reports,
with difference), yet do they all confirm
ish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
e. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
ot so secure me in the error,
se main article I do approve
rful sense.

il. [Within] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
'was I bid report here to the state,
y signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?
1 Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

1 Sen. Of the
Mess. Of the
Their backward
Their purpose
Your trusty
With his free
And prays y'
Duke. T

Marcus L
1 Sen. H
Duke. V
1 Sen. I

Enter Br

Duke
Against
I did r
We h
Br
Neil
Hail
Tak
Is c
Th
As

Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.

1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence. [patch.

Duke. Write from us: wish him post-post-haste: des-

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Bra.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night:

Bra. So did I yours: Good, your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Bleed in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; wants now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this
[To Othello]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true, true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pall,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love, what drugs, what oil,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal),
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment man's, and most unquiet,
That will confuse—perfection in youth, and
Against all rules of nature, and must be
To find out practices of evening hell,
Why this should be. I therefore would

, ~~unhappy~~ and forced courses
d poison this young maid's affections?
t by request, and such fair question
soul affordeth?

I do beseech you,
he lady to the Sagittary,
r speak of me before her father :
find me foul in her report,
the office, I do hold of you,
take away, but let your sentence
upon my life.

Fetch Desdemona hither.
oient, conduct them; you best know th
e.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendant*
he come, as truly as to heaven
s the vices of my blood,
o your grave ears I'll present
thrive in this fair lady's love,
mine.

Do grow beneath their shoulders. These thou
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house-affairs would draw her thither
Which ever as she could with haste despatch
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observ'd
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good use
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard
But not intentively : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wou'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she lov'd
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here crosses the lady. Let her witness it

Destruction on my head, if my had blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
 Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des.

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you, I am bound for life, and education;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra.

God be with you!—I have done:—

Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor.

I have do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise, or stop, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd, when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
 thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 Not the free comfort which from thence he takes:

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :

But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prep
makes for Cyprus ;—Othello, the fortitude of th
is best known to you : And though we have
substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opi
sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe
on you : you must therefore be content to slub
gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubb
boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;
Due reference of place, and exhibition ;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there resid
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
My downright violence and storm of fortune
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's sat
Even to the very quality of my lord :

I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;
 And to his honour, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are besteft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence : Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords :—beseech you, let her will
 Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven ; I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite ;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my distinct and proper satisfaction ;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me : No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dailiness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base adversities
 Make head against my estimation !

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going : the affair cries—haste,
 And speed must answer it ; you must hence to-night.

Des. To night, my lord ?

Duke.

This night.

Oth.

With all my heart

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
 Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you ;
 With such things else of quality and respect,
 As doth import you.

Oth.

Please your grace, my unback ;

A man he is of honesty and trust :

To his conveyance I assign my wife,

*With what else needful your good grace shall think
 To be sent after me.*

Duke. Let it be so.—
 Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To Brabantio.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
 She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
 My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
 I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
 And bring them after in the best advantage.—
 Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
 Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
 To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after
 it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:
 and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
 our physician.

Iago. O villanous! I have looked upon the world for
 four times seven years; and since I could distinguish
 between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man
 that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I
 would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I
 would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame
 to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus,
 or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which
 our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles
 or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; or
 it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with

~~... or~~ reason to poise another of sensibility and baseness of our natures would a most preposterous conclusions: But we have cooled our raging motions, our carnal stunged lusts; whereof I take this, that you call a sect, or scion.

l. It cannot be.

o. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a peevishness of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy fears, and blind puppies. I have professed myself a friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with a band of perdurable toughness; I could never be true to thee than now. Put money in thy purse; for I will fight for it; defeat thy favour with an usurped beauty; put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that a woman should long continue her love to a man that has put money in thy purse;—nor he himself, who has been a violent commencement, and thou art now in an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their loves: put but money in thy purse with money: the food that to the eye is luscious as locusts, shall be bitter as gall.

have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear?

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit Roderigo.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will;

A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife:—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

*I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.* [Exit]

ACT II.



SCENE I. *A Seaport Town in CYPRUS. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land:
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
*I never did like molestation view
On th' enschat'd flood.*

Mon.

If that the Turkish fleet

Be not insbelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;

ise?

own is empty: on the brow o'the sea
people, and they cry—a sail.
s do shape him for the governor.
do discharge their shot of courtesy;
[Guns heard.

least.

I pray you, sir, go forth,
with who 'tis that is arriv'd.

all.

ood lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
[Exit.
rtunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
description, and wild fame;
s the quirks of blazoning pens,
ential vesture of creation,
excellency.—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

s one Iago, ancient to the general.
s had most favourable and happy speed:
mselves, high seas, and howling winds,
sagated sands.—

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then Guns heard.]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[Exit Gentleman.]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mis-
tress:— *[To Emilia.]*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. *[Kissing her.]*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, *[beds.]*
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

...not merry, but I do beguile
: thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
ne, how wouldst thou praise me?
ago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invent
nes from my pate, as birdlime does from fri
lucks out brains and all: But my muse labo
! thus she is deliver'd.
he be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
one's for use, the other useth it.
es. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
go. If she be black, and thereto have a wit
I find a white that shall her blackness fit.
es. Worse and worse.
nil. How, if fair and foolish?
go. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
even her folly help'd her to an heir.
s. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
i'the alehouse. What miserable praise has
er that's foul and foolish?
o. There's none so foul and foolish...

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may rely more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, maid, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I catch as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not your three fingers so oft, which now again you most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again fingers to your lips? would they were clyster for your sake.—[*Trumpet*] The Moor,—I know trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des.

My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

that e'er our hearts shall make! . . . [K]

Iago. O, you are well to
but I'll set down the pegs that make this musi
s honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—
ews, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are d
ow do our old acquaintance of this isle?—
ney, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
ave found great love amongst them. O my s
attle out of fashion, and I dote
ine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
g thou the master to the citadel;
s a good one, and his worthiness
challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona
more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attend.*
Do thou meet me present
hither. If thou

fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position), who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

... desires, by the means I shall the
prefer them; and the impediment most profi
loved, without the which there were no expect
or prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any
nity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by
idel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Fa
lod. Adieu.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe
t she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
a constant, loving, noble nature;

I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
st dear husband. Now I do love her too;
ut of absolute lust (though, peradventure,
I accountant for as great a sin),
rtly led to diet my revenge,
it I do suspect the lusty Moor
ap'd into

ACT 2.

OTHELLO.

upon his peace and quiet
 me. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 as face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Street.

ald, with a Proclamation; People following.
 Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
 at, upon certain tidings now arrived, im-
 a mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every
 himself into triumph, some to dance, some to
 vices, each man to what sport and revel his
 a leads him, for, besides these beneficial news,
 celebration of his nuptials. So much was his
 should be proclaimed. All officers are open-
 are is full liberty of feasting, from this presen-
 of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heav-
 the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othel-
 [Enter

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and
 Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-
 at's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 lot to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
 Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our
 Let me have speech with you.—Come, my d
 The purchase made, the fruits are to come. [To

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you
 Good night. [Exeunt Oth. Des

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to-
 Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant
 Our general can't on them.

prostration.
viting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest,
when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?
is, indeed, perfection.
all, happiness to their sheets! Come, lie-
ve a stoop of wine; and here without are a
prus gallants, that would fain have a mea-
health of the black Othello.
t to-night, good Iago; I have very poor an-
rains for drinking: I could well wish cou-
invent some other custom of entertainmen-
), they are our friends; but one cup: I'
you.
have drunk but one cup to-night, and th-
ly qualified too, and, behold, what innovati-
here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, a-
task my weakness with any more.
What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the galla-

ACT 2.
OTHELLO.
O. Now, 'mongst this flock of
ssio in some action [drunkards,
e isle:—But here they come:
but approve my dream,
y, both with wind and stream.
with him MONTANO and Gentlemen.
en, they have given me a rouse already.
th, a little one; not past a pint, as I

[Sings.
ine, ho!
the canakin clink, clink;
the canakin clink:
oldier's a man;
ife's but a span;
, let a soldier drink.
[Wine brought in.
ys!
heaven, an excellent song.
rned it in England, where (indeed) they
ent in potting: your Dane, your German,
wag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are
our English.

our Englishman so expert in his drinking?
hy, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane
; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain;
our Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle
ed.
o the health of our general.
am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.
O sweet England!

g Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.
e was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
his pride that pulls the country down,
ake thine auld cloak about thee.

SCENE 3.
Cas. Why,
other.
Iago. Will
Cas. No;
place, that do
all; and ther
be souls mus
Iago. It's a
Cas. For
or any man
Iago. An
Cas. Ay
lieutenant
no more
sins!—Ge
think, ge
this is m
not drunk
well enou
All. H
Cas. V
that I am
Mon.
watch.
Iago.
He is a
And giv
Tis to
The o
I fear
On s
Will
Ma
Ia
He'll
If dr

THE

...a, erue, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to t
any man of quality,—I hope to be saved;
Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before
utenant is to be saved before the ancient. I
more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgi
is!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business.
nk, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my an
s is my right hand, and this is my left hand
t drunk now; I can stand well enough, an
ll enough.

ll. Excellent well.

'as. Why, very well, then: you must not th
I am drunk.

en. To the platform, masters; come, let's
h.

ro. You see this fellow, that is gone
a soldier fit to stand

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well ; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark ! what noise
[*Cry within.—Help !*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODRIGO.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal !

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave !—teach me my duty !
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Mon. Beat me !

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

[*Striking Ro*

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant

[*Stayin*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir
Or I'll knock you o'er the board.

Mon. Come, come, you're

Cas. Drunk ! [The

Iago. Away, I say ! go out, and cry—a mutin

...to carve for his own rage,
Is his soul light; he dies upon his motion
Ice that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
In her propriety.—What is the matter, man
Orestes Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
K, who began this? on thy love, I charge
Go. I do not know;—friends all but now, even
Quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Kissing them for bed: and then, but now
If some planet had unwitted men),
Kicks out, and tilting one at other's breast,
Opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Beginning to this peevish odds;
'Would in action glorious I had lost
The legs, that brought me to a part of it!
K. How comes it, Michael, you are thus fit
K. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
K. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ci-
vility and stillness of your youth

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my senses to rebel;
And passion, having my best judgment call'd,
Assays to lead the way if once I stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on,
And be that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had turn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the coast and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially stirr'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall do him wrong him. — Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. For, this gentleman
Stops in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lost, by his clamour (as it so fell out),
The town might fall in fright — he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath — which till to night,
I never might say before. When I came back
(For this was lost), I found them close together,
At blow and thrust — even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report —
The best sometimes laugh

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

If my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
Be thee an example.

What's the matter, d
All's well now, sweeting ; Come away to I
your hurts,
will be your surgeon : Lead him off.

[To Montano, who is leaving]
Look with care about the town ;
Hence those whom this vile brawl distracted
Desdemona ; 'tis the soldiers' life,
Whose their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio]
What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Ay, past all surgery.

Marry, heaven forbid !

Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I
have lost reputation ! I have lost the immortal part
of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation

Cas. I will rather see to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse lusts with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly, a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that our should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you then recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one superstitious shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had he as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unlabeled, and the ingredient is a devil!

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir: I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do:—You grow full's wife is now the general.—I may say so in this

...expressed: This broken joint, between
husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my
inst any lay worth naming, this crack of
grow stronger than it was before.
You advise me well.

I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest

think it freely; and, betimes in the morning
each the virtuous Desdemona to undertake
a desperate of my fortunes, if they check

You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant
the watch.

Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio]

And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain
his advice is free, I give, and honest,
thinking, and (indeed) the course
the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
to bring Desdemona to subdue
her suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
elements. And then for her
the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism.

ACT 2

OTHELLO.

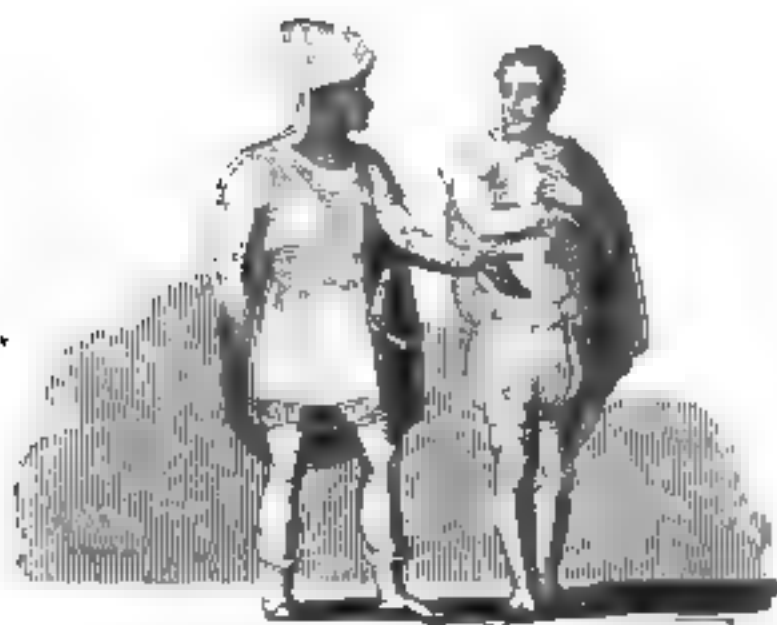
, by how much she strives to do him good,
shall undo her credit with the Moor.
will I turn her virtue into pitch;
of out of her own goodness make the net,
but shall enmesh them all.—How now, Rodrigo?

Enter RODRIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hunt
that hunts, but one that fills up the cre— My money is
almost spent, I have been to-night exceedingly well
engaged, and, I think, the more will be— I shall have
so much experience for my pains: and as, with no
money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.
lage. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Then would I were as sick, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Don't not go well— Cassio hath beaten thee,
And then, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom best, will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short:
Retire thee, go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] Two things are
done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
killing his wife.—Ay, that's the way;
—by cunning and delay.

ACT III.



SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains.
Something that's brief; and bid good morrow, general,
[Music.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be hear

to't again : but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away : Go, vanish into air ; away. [Exit Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech : Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir ; if she will stir hither, I shall soon to notify unto her. [Exit.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good, my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been abed then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife. My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant : I am sorry
For your displeasure ; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you : but, he protests, he loves
And needs no other suitor, but his liking,
[Enter Cassio, passing by the front,

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
 you think fit, or that it may be done,—
 give me advantage of some brief discourse
 with Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in ;
 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 to speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot ;
 and, by him, do my duties to the state :
 when that done, I will be walking on the works,
 and repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do ; I know it grieves my hus-
 band if the case were his. [band,

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
 that I will have my lord and you again
 as friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
 whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 he's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:
 you have known him long: and be you well assur'd,
 he shall in strangeness stand no further off
 than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,

Went he hence now
Ay, sooth; so humbled,
e hath left part of his grief with me;
with him. Good love, call him back.
Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
But shall't be shortly?

'The sooner, sweet, for
shall't be to-night at supper?

No, not to-n
'o-morrow dinner then?

I shall not dine at ho
captains at the citadel.

hy then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday mo
y noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—

, name the time; but let it not
ee days: in faith he's penitent;

trespass, in our common reason
they say, the wars must make examples

'best), is not almost a fault
rivate check: When shall he come?

ello. I wonder in my soul,
ould ask me, that I

TO BRING OF YOUR LOVE, A BARE UNCOMFORT. [Exit Cassio.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch
But I do love thee! and when I love thee
Cassio is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you were
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou say so?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my throat
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought,

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us ever.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st
that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think my lord.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:
and,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
and weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
for such things, in a false disloyal knave,
are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
they are close denotements, working from the heart,
that passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,
think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
as thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
the worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me;
though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
as where's that palace, whereinto foul things
sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
but some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit,
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
if thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
a stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,—
though I, perchance, am viscious in my guess,
as, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Wraps faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,

Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [not
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thieves
 But he, that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
 Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough
 But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
 From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
 Is once to be resolved. I'll exchange me for a gun
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exultation and strong surmises,
 Matching this inference: 'Tis not to make me jeal-
 'To say my wife is fair, fertile well, loves company
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
 These are mere courtesy

—I am glad of this, for now I shall have re-
w the love and duty that I bear you
ranker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
e it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
o your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
our eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I not have your free and noble nature,
self bounty, be abus'd; look to't:
our country disposition well;
ce they do let heaven see the pranks
re not show their husbands; their best consci-
to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Dost thou say so?

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
then she seem'd to shake, and fear your look
d them most.

And so she did.

Why, go to, thou
so young, could give out such a seeming,
her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
ght, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to bla-
y do beseech you of your pardon,
much loving you.

ACT 3.

OTHELLO.

My thoughts are not at Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so
Oth. And yet, how nature errs from truth,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point :— To, to be held wi
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own choice, complexion, and degree;
Whereas, we see, in all things, a will most rank,
Fool's our may swell, in such, a will most rank,
But pardon me, I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her. though I may fear,
Her will, resulting to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell :
If more than dost perceive, let me know more
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.
Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest agent
knows,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat :
To win this thing no further leave it to :
And though it be fit that Cassio have his
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile
You shall by that perceive him and his
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity
Much will be seen in that. In the mor
Let me be thought too hard in my fra
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I a
And hold her free, I do beseech you
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave
Fellow's of exordi
times, with

human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
 gh that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 ey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
 have not those soft parts of conversation
 chamberers have;—Or, for I am declin'd
 the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 keep a corner in the thing I love,
 others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 ogativ'd are they less than the base:
 destiny unshunnable, like death;
 then this forked plague is fated to us,
 n we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

e be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
 ot believe it.

s. How now, my dear Othello?

dinner, and the generous islanders
 ou invited, do attend your presence.

h. I am to blame.

s. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

h. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

s. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
 ne but bind it hard, within this hour
 ll be well.

h. Your napkin is too little;

He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.

it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

s. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

il. I am glad I have found this napkin;
 as her first remembrance from the Moor:

That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give it Iago:
 What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing,—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.
 Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench: give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been
 To have me fetch it? [so earnest]

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it. 'Tisides, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. 'Tis may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison.
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisonous.
 The first are scarce found to distant.

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd, [rack:—
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the Throat.

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

to this?

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more—abandon all remorse;
On horrors head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit, and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof—Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are taken up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may—but, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: I mean them then,
It ever mortal eyes do see them blotter,

SCENE 3.

OTHELLO.

It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office.

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my arm,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grow upon my lips; then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and
Cry'd,—*Curst fate!* that gave thee to the

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her a

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my wife's.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's), did I see
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth.

If it

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and heart:
'To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with
For 'tis of aspic's tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth.

O, blood, Iago

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pont
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to hum
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' mar
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago.

Do not rise:

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
'To wrong'd Othello's service! let him
And to obey shall be in me remorse,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil.

Look, where he comes
Will Cassio

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;
and me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

that an Egyptian to my mother give ;

she was a charmer, and could almost read

the thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

it would make her amiable, and subdue my father

entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

she made a gift of it, my father's eye

could hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

for new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;

she bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

to give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,

to treat it a darling like your precious eye;

Oth.

Des.

This is

I pray,

Oth.

Des.

You'll

Oth.

Des.

Oth.

Des.

Hath f

Shar'd

Oth.

Des.

You

O

To lose or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. 'Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now:

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I never let Claudio be married.

...d;
...l, husband.

...ust do't;
...ne her. [you?
...the news with
...eseech you,
...gain

...rt,
...ay'd:
...d,
...nt sorrows,

...it;
...ontent,
...er course,

...e-gentle Cassio,
...ane;
...should I know him,
...mour, alter'd.

...ctified,
...l my best;
...k of his displeasre,
...u must awhile be patient:
...d more I will,
...let that suffice you.

...ry? He went hence but now,
...ange unquietness.
...ngry? I have seen the cannon,
...n his ranks into the air;
...l, from his very arm

No

As I

I w

Arraig

But ne

And h

Emil.

And no o

Concerni

Des. A

Emil. Bu

They are no

But jealous

Begot upon it.

Des. Heaven

Emil. Lady,

Des. I will

If I do find him

And seek to effect

Cas. I humbly

Bian. Save you,

Cas.

How is it with you,
I'faith, sweet love,

...and indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of

[**Emilia** enters]
either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice
made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
that hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases
men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so
to let our finger ache, and it indues
our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
nor of them look for such observances
as fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
that I was (unhandsome warrior as I am),
for raining his unkindness with my soul;
that now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
and he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you tell
me, no conception, nor no jealous toy,
pertaining you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerch
Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber
I like the work well; ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will), I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian.

Why, I pray you

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian.

But that you do not

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-

ACT IV.



SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

What,

Iago
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven..

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers.
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. 71

Iago. What, if I had said, I had
Or heard him say,—As knaves
Who having, by their own imp
Or voluntary dotage of some
Convinced or supplied them, c
But they must blab——

Oth. Hath

Iago. He hath, my lord; but
No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth.

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her

Oth. Lie with her! lie on he
when they belie her: Lie wit
Handkerchief,—confessions,—
fess, and be hanged for his lab
and then to confess:—I trem
not invest herself in such sha
some instruction. It is not w
—Pish!—Noes, ears, and lips
fess!—Handkerchief!—O devi

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! 'Twas on

And many worthy and chaste

All guiltless meet reproach—

Enter C

My lord, I say! Othello!—

~~...and~~ fit; he had one yesterday.

Cass. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear

he lethargy must have his quiet course:

not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs!
to you withdraw yourself a little while,
he will recover straight; when he is gone,
would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cass.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven!
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous
and many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
ask every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
draw with you: there's millions now alive
that nightly lie in those unpruned

For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy most construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed.

Cas. Alas, poor caltiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, 't'is he, who loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[Aside]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Now he 'interprets' me!

is. I marry her!—what! a customer! I put
some charity to my wit; do not think it
lesome. Ha, ha, ha!

th. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win.

ago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry
is. Pr'ythee, say true.

ago. I am a very villain else.

th. Have you scored me? Well.

is. This is the monkey's own giving out:
I would I will marry her, out of her own love
ery, not out of my promise.

th. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

is. She was here even now; she haunts me in
e. I was, the other day, talking on the street
certain Venetians; and thither comes this
his hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

th. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his
ports it.

is. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon
me, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

th. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to me.
O, I see that nose of yours. but not that

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night,
an you will not, come when you are next pri

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; I
very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more.

[1

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how
the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it to
hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killin'
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

...ay, that's certain: But yet the pit
Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity,
patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it con-
cerns nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her!

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—
expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty
vide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her
own bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases
me.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker.
You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with

Enter Lodovico. Dress—

Oth. This fail you not to do, as y

Lod. He did not call : he's busy in the paper
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do more
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are y

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter too
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Des.

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet

Oth. Devil! [Strik

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very rare
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tear
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay, you did wish, that I would make her
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient

all have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
eat that we may sup together.
welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon

is this the noble Moor, whom our full sen
in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature
assion could not shake? whose solid virtu
of accident, nor dart of chance,
ther graze nor pierce?

He is much chang
re his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
le is that he is; I may not breathe my cens
night be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
heaven, he were.

What, strike his wife!
ith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I kn
would prove the worst.

Is it his use?
etters work upon his blood,
ate this fault?

Alas. alas!

that's strange;
a wager she is not;
if you think other,
doth abuse your bosom;
his in your head,
with the serpent's curse!
st, clasts, and true,
the parent of their wives

Bid her come hither:—go.—
[Exit Emilia]
—yet she's a simple bawd,
as much. This is a subtle whore,
d-key of villanous secrets:
neel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.
ord, what is your will?
Pray, chuck, come hither.
What is your pleasure? Let me see your eyes;

my face. What horrible fancy's this?
Some of your function, mistress; [To Emilia]
procreants alone, and shut the door;
h, or cry—hem, if any body come:
r mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch. [Exit Emilia]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
understand a fury in your words;
ot not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. And loyal wife. Your wife, my lord; your true
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Oth.
To be
All in
Stoop
Give
I should
A drop
A fixed
To point
O! O!
Yet could
But there,
Where else
The fountain
Or also dries
Or keep it as
To knot and
Patience, the
Ay, there, b
Des. I b
Oth. O
That qui
Who n
That

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! aw

Des. Alas, the heavy day?—Why do yo
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hope
I should have found in some part of my
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well
But there, where I have garner'd up my life
Where either I must live, or bear no life
The fountain from the which my current
~~Quale~~ dries up; to be discarded thence

er!
eeks,
desty,
t committed!
he moon winks;
t meets,
of earth,
mitted!—

en, you do me wrong.
et?
No, as I am a Christian:

my lord,
al touch,
am none.

?
No, as I shall be saved.

e us! I cry you mercy, then;
ing whore of Venice,
ello.—You, mistress,

enter EMILIA.
pposite to saint Peter,
hell; You! you! ay, you!
urse; there's money for your pains;
key, and keep our counsel. [Erit.
does this gentleman conceive?—
am? how do you, my good lady?
f asleep.
adam, what's the matter with my lord?

o? Why, with my lord, madam.
thy lord?

none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
p; nor answer I have none,
ould go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
ed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
husband hither.

Emil
Throw
As true

Des. A
Iago.

Des. S

Emil. He

Could not be
Iago. W

Des. I do

Iago. Do no

Emil. Has s

Her father, and

To be call'd—w

Des. It is my

Iago.

How comes this tri

Des.

Emil. I will be ha

Some busy and insinua

Some cogging cozenin

Have not devis'd this

Iago. Eie, there's

Des. If any

Emil. A halter

Why should he

What place

~~— how believ'd, that he might stick~~
no small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
to it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
they might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her
with such despite and heavy terms upon her,
true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink
would not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: ~~Alas, —~~

That turn'd u,

And made you to sue
Iago. You are a fool; go —

Des.

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him, for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: —

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,

And ever will, — though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly;
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, where;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;

To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humo-
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. If 'twere no other
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[Exit Desdemona.]

Enter RODRIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

NOR am I yet persuaded, &c.
already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have ventur'd out of my means. The jewels you have promised to deliver to Desdemona, would half have bought a votarist: You have told me—she has received my love and returned me expectations and comforts, respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to. 'tis not very well: By this hand, I swear I am a scurvy: and begin to find myself fobbed.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I am not self known to Desdemona: If she will give me the jewels, I will give over my suit, and receive a full solicitation; if not, assure yourself of my satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

ACT 4.

thou indeed, which I
 & than ever,—I mean,
 this night show it: if
 joyest not Desdemona,
 treachery, and devise

within reason and com-
 al commission come from
 Othello's place.
 then Othello and Desdemona

into Mauritania, and takes
 Desdemona, unless his abode be
 removing of Cassio,
 mean—removing of him?
 asking him incapable of Othello's
 & his brains.

so would have me do?
 o dare do yourself a profit, and a
 -night with a harlot, and thither will
 knows not yet of his honourable for-
 I watch his going thence (which I will
 out between twelve and one), you may
 or pleasure; I will be near to accept
 , and he shall fall between us. Come,
 ased at it, but go along with me; I will
 ch a necessity in his death, that you shall
 elf bound to put it on him. It is now high
 e, and the night grows to waste: about it
 will hear further reason for this.
 and you shall be satisfied.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Another Room in the Castle.
 IAGUO, DESEMONA, BIANCA,
 Desdemona.
 Iago, you yourself no further.
 and to walk.

He
 And I
 Em
 Des

Give me
 We must
 Emil.

Des. I
 That en
 Prythen
 Emil.

Des. Al
 If I do die
 In one of
 Emil.

Des. My
 She was in lo
 And did for
 An old thing tw
 And she died sin
 Will not go from
 But to go hang
 And sing it lik
 Emil. Shall
 Des.
 This last
 Emil
 De

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your

Des. Your honour is most welcome. [ladyship.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O.—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exit Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightgown, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,— Pr'ythee, unpick me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good father! how foolish are our If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me [minds!— In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara; She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side,

And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpick me here

This Lodovico is a proper man.

ACT 4

OTHELLO.

I know a lady in Venice, who would have
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his mother

I.

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow: [Singing.
The fresh streams ran by her, and marmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pry the, his thee; he'll come anon.—
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve.—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks!
Emil. It is the wind.
Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itah;
Doth that bode weeping? 'Tis neither here nor there.
Emil. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these
men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
Des. Why, would not you?
Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light
might do't as well i'the dark.
Wouldst thou do such a deed for
the world is a huge thing: 'T

...marry, I would not do such
a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn;
ns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty ex
for the whole world.—Why, who would a
husband a cuckold, to make him a mon
old venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a w
whole world.

mil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the
, having the world for your labour, 'tis a w
r own world, and you might quickly make it

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

mil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
he vantage, as would store the world they pla
I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
ives do fall: Say, that they slack their dutie
pour our treasures into foreign laps;
se break out in peevish jealousies,
ving restraint upon us; or, say, they strike
unt our former having in despite;
we have galls; and, though we have some
o have some revenge. Let husbands be
like some of these like."

ACT V.



SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODRIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home; [out
Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow;
It makes us, or it mares us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy;

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword, he die
[Retires to a little distance;
(Goes to him)

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. I love Rodri-
go, and he to a resolution large

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona;
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
 No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushes from his Post, and makes a Pass at Cassio.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
 I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

*[Iago rushes from his Post, cuts Cassio behind
 in the Leg, and exit.]*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder;
 murder! *[Falls.]*

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me,—Mimion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate lies apace—Strumpet, I come:
 With of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Des. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!
 murder!

Des. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very dreadful.

Des. O, help!

Des. Hark!

[weapons
light and
cries on
murder?
hear a cry?
help me.
What's the matter?
Make it.
Want fellow.
so grievously?
by villains!

ains have done this?
hereabout,

herous villains!—
and give some help.
Lodovico and Gratiano.

murderous slave! O villain;
[Iago stabs Roderigo.
inhuman dog!—

ark;—Where be these bloody
[thieves?
—Ho! murder! murder!
you of good, or evil?
ove us, praise us.

Signior Lodovico?
cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
ssio? How is it, brother?

Who
Can
Go

To be
Bi
Iago.

To be a
Patience
Lead me
Alas! my
Roderigo?

Gra. W
Iago. R
Gra.

Iago. S
These blows
That so neg

Gra.
Iago. How
Gra. Roderi
Iago. He, h
chair:

Some good man b
I'll fetch the gene

Save you your
Was my dear
Cos. None
Iago. [To
out of

ENE 1.

Cas. My leg
ago.
ght, gentler

Bian. What

Iago. Who

Bian. O my

Cassio! Ca

Iago. O no

Who they sh

Cas. No.

Gra. I am

Iago. Len

To bear him

Bian. Ala

Iago. Gei

To be a par

Patience aw

Lend me a

Alas! my fi

Roderigo?

Gra. Wl

Iago. E

Gra.

Iago. Si

These bloc

That so ne

Gra.

Iago. H

Gra. R

Iago.]

Some go
I'll fetch

Save you

Was my

Cas. N

Iago. [

Do you perceive?
Nay, if you stare, we shall
Behold her well; I pray you, look at
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter
band?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the drink
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good gentleman!
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'yth

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I then
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me
Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil.

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
my lord and lady what has happened?—This is the matter
me

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent me:—but once put out thou,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of exelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It needs must wither:—I'll smother it on the tree.—

(Kissing her.)

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you but think yourself of my crime,
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No,—Heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then,
 on your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not.

Des.

They are loves I bear to

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They did not point on me.

Oth.

Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gav'
Thou gav'st to Cassio. [thee

Des.

No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth.

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth.

Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth.

I say, amen

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des.

He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth.

He hath confess'd

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des.

How?

Oth. Ay.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,——

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [He smothers her.]

Emil. [Within] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord!
my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; [dead?

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. [Within] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within] O, good, my lord, I would speak a
word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within] I do beseech you, I may speak with
[you]

ENRAGED EMILIA.

Emil. O, good, my lord, yonder's fool run

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd?

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what or

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, wh

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel w

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art

Oth. She was false as water.

... did tup her; ask thy husband
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I saw
 husband.

Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mock
y husband say, that she was false?

Oth.

That men must lay their hands

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told
Than what he found himself was apt and true

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie!
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm you

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, I

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, villany!
I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villain
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief
O villany, villany!

...and make him do a desperate turn,
And curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
I, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago* offers to stab his

Emil.

his sword upon a woman?

But kill him rather; a . . .
For 'tis a damned slave.

Oth. I am not valiant
But every puny whipster gets my sword :—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lad
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the s
And die in music ;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—
Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die.

Oth. I have another weapon in this cham
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temp
O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within*] If thou attempt it, it will cos
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must su

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak v
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold ! I ha
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the d
With this little arm and this good s

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
 Even like thy chastity —
 O cursed, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! —
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a
 Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, Prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello, here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; — but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live,
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing. What you know, you
 From this time forth I never will speak word. *[Exit Iago.]*

Lod. What? not to warn?

merciless
kerchief
my chamber:
now,
al purpose,

fool! fool! fool!
igo's letter,—
de him
it came
w he spake,
urt him,

om, and go with us;
is taken off,
r this slave,—

hold him long,
prisoner rest,
t be known
bring him away.
o, before you go.
vice, and they know it;
u, in your letters,
y deeds relate,
ing extenuate,
lice: then must you speak
but too well;

Oth

Killing

Cas. 7

For he w
Lod.

More fell th

Look on th

This is thy

Let it be hid.

And seize upon

For they succe

Remains the c

The time, the pla

Myself will strai

This heavy act w

The beauties of
strongly upon the au
draw no aid from criti
ness of Othello, magna
boundless in his co
flexible in his resol
the cool malignity
subtle in his des
interest and his re

110.

And there is a man
in the church;
of those impious
whore-masters

and every
discontented paper
d this, it seems
this damned villain
interior

O the pernicious
not head-buried

it is my character
even now,
a special purpose.

O fool! fool! for
strigo's brother,—
made him
came
he speaks,
him.

and go with a
off,
ve,
long,
went

away—
on go
y know a
here,

SCENE 2.

OTHELLO

Of one, not easily jealous, but
Perplex'd in the extreme; of
Like the base Judean, throw
Richer than all his tribe; of
Albeit unus'd to the melting
Drop tears as fast as the Arab
Their medicinal gum: Set you
And say, besides,—that in Ale
Where a malignant and a turb
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd
I took by the throat the circum
And smote him—thus.

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. Al

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd

Killing myself, to die upon a

Cas. This did I fear, but the
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O

More fell than anguish, huge
Look on the tragic loading of
This is thy work: the object
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep
And seize upon the fortunes of
For they succeed to you.—To
Remains the censure of this be
The time, the place, the tortur
Myself will straight aboard;
This heavy act with heavy hee

The beauties of this play
strongly upon the attention of
draw no aid from critical illu
ness of Othello, magnanimous
boundless in his confidence, a
flexible in his resolution, and
the cool malignity of Iago.



as, I am
The
Moor's con
employs to inf
it will, perhaps
self, that he is
but pity him, wh
extreme.
lest wickedness, con
upon esteem, though it
character of Iago is so
the first scene to the last

characters of this play work
any other piece, not only for their
length. Cassio is brave, benevolent
only by his want of stubbornness
invitation. Roderigo's suspicious
patient submission to the cheats which
upon him, and which, by persuasion,
repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a
virtue of Emilia is such as we often find,
but not cast off, easy to commit small
thickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies,
happy interchanges, and regularly promoting
the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding
though it tells but what is known already, yet is
to produce the death of Othello.

has been occasionally related, there had been little
g to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous
rity.

JOHNSON.

C. Whittingham, Printer, Chiswick.

GLOSSARY.

- ABJECTS**, the most servile and lowest of subjects.
- Aby**, to pay dear for, to suffer.
- Abyss**, abyss, from the French *abysme*, now *abime*.
- Accite**, to call or summons.
- Aconitum**, wolfsbane.
- Adam**, the name of an outlaw, noted for his skill in archery.
- Much Ado**.
- Adam Cupid**, an allusion to the same person. *Rom. and Jul.*
- Address**, ready, prepared.
- Advertising**, attentive.
- Aery** or **Aiery**, a nest.
- Affect the letter**, to practise alliteration. *Love's Lab.*
- Affects**, affections or passions.
- Affected**, a law-term for confirmed.
- Affied**, betrothed.
- Affined**, joined by affinity.
- Affront**, sometimes, to face or confront.
- Affy**, to betroth in marriage.
- Aglet-baby**, a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point; from *aiguillettes*.
- Agnise**, acknowledge, confess, avow.
- Aiery**, a hawk's or eagle's nest. *Rich. III.*
- Airy fame**, verbal eulogium.
- Alder-liefert**, preferred to all things; from *leve* or *lese*, dear, and *alder*, of all.
- A'life**, at life.
- Amazonian chin**, a chin without a beard.
- Ames-ace**, the lowest chance of the dice.
- Amort**, sunk, dispirited.
- Ancient**, an ensign, or standard-bearer.
- Angle**, a fishing-rod. *Winter's Tale.*
- Antres**, caves and dens.
- Appeach**, to impeach.
- Apple-John**, species of apple that will keep for two years; French, *dour-ans*.
- Approof**, approbation, or sometimes proof, confirmation.
- Aqua vite**, probably, usquebaugh. *Mer. Wiv.*
- Arabian bird**, the phoenix.
- Argentine goddess**, regent of silver moon.
- Argier**, Algiers.
- Argosies**, ships of great burthen.
- Aroint**, avaunt, or be gone.
- Ascapart**, a giant.
- Ascaunt**, askew, aside, sideways.
- Aspersion**, sprinkling. *Ten.*
- Assay**, to take the assay, applied to those who tasted wine-princes. *Ham.—Test. Oth.*
- Assinego**, an ass driver, a fool fellow.
- Astringer**, a gentleman falcon from *austercus*, a goshawk.
- As point**, completely armed.
- Atomies**, minute particles discernible when the sun breaks into a darkened room.
- Attasked**, taken to task, censured.
- Attent**, attentive.
- Baccare**, a proverbial word, doubtful meaning; perhaps from *baccalare*, arrogant.
- Bail**, bane, ruin, misfortune. *Hen. VI. 2d Part.*
- Baldrick**, a belt.
- Balker**, either bathed, or roused up. *Hen. IV. 1st Part.*
- Bandog**, i.e. band-dog, a dog, or mastiff.
- Bandy**, a metaphor for playing, to exchange.

mixed.
 4, i. e. to pass the current.
 literary phrase. *Mer. Wiv.*
 as that the common
 ends of good behaviour
 are overpassed.
 snout, a kind of necklace
 chain.
 1, clown, husbandman.
 1st, a peasant or churl; from
 snout.
 cruel, sanguinary. *Rich. III.*
Ham.

arouses, drinks.
 serpent knight, a term of re-
 proach, spoken of one knight
 ed in time of peace, and on
 a carpet, on some festive occa-
 sion. *Tuel. Night.*
 Carriage, import. *Ham.*
 Case, skin. *Tuel. Night.* out-
 side.
 Case of lives, a set of lives, or
 pair of any thing.
 2. Cased iron, a lion irritated by
 confinement. *K. John.*
 Casque, helmets.
 Cassock, a horseman's loose coat.
 Cast, to empty. *Mea. for Mea.*
 1st, to throw or reject.
 Cast lips, left-off lips.
 dog. Cast the water, to find out dis-
 orders by inspecting the urine.
 2. Mac.
 1st, of Caiatan, a liar; the first who
 tarers who visited Cathay, at
 China, were notorious liars, as
 Paulo and Mandevilla.

CH

Cham
 with

Chamber
 Ham, 1

Chamber
 Chang

Chang
 for one

Channel, 1st
 Part.

Chantry, 1st
 Ord.

Character, 1st
 Adv. 1st.

Character, 1st
 Character, the

Character, the
 characters are

Charts, 1st
 Charge-house, from

Charist, from ch
 caution.

Charman, caution
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Charman, 1st
 Charman, 1st

Caviare, a luxurious Russian dish made of the roe of the sturgeon.

Causel, subtlety, or deceit.

Cautelous, artful, or insidious.

Cauterising, burning, or blistering.

Cearment, the wrapping of an embalmed body.

Cease, decesse, die. *All's Well.*

Couler, braziere.

Certes, certainly.

Cess, measure, tax, or subsidy.

Chaliced, i. e. flowers, with cups, from *calix*.

Challenge, law-term, the right of refusing a juryman. *Hen. VIII.*

Chamber, London was anciently called the king's chamber. *Rich. III.*

Chamber, a piece of ordnance. *Hen. IV. 2d Part.*

Chamberers, men of intrigue.

Changeling, a child substituted for one stolen.

Channel, keunel. *Hen. VI. 3d Part.*

Chantry, little chapel in a cathedral.

Chatter, or chattering.

Child, resour. *V. Mid. N.*

Child, some knights and

Chiding, pre

Choppine, a h

Chopping, j glibly.

Chough, a bl kind.

Christom, or tened child

Chrystals, ey

Chuck, chcl dearmment.

Chuffs, rich,

Circumure

Circumstance

Oth.

Circumstance to circum

Cital, recta

Clack-dish, i

Clamour, w height, in the repa becomes

GLOSSARY.

or grasp.
 ting, inviting.
 y, uneven, gib-
 popular adjura-
 twilight.
 which grows up
 the fish called a
 ickle-shell hat, such
 wore.
 well-known term of
 morous.
 piece of dress.
 cient term for the
 rust of a pie. *Tam.*
Tit. And.
 usify the dice, to lie.
 lying.
 f vantage, convenient
 corners.
 ible, stir.
 on, consequence or corol-
Cym. Ham.
 black, smutted with
 , discoloured.
 , a term of reproach, from
 impositions of coal-dealers.
 art, a bargain.
 brinate, betrothed.
 forting, abetting. *Wint.*
 ale.
 nmend, commit. *Mac. &c.*
 nmitted, lain with. *Oth.*
 mmodity, self-interest. *Hen.*
IV. 2d Part.
 ommonly, a comedy.
 ompanies, companions. *Hen. V.*
 compassed, round. *Tam. Shrew.*
 Composture, composition.
 Concupy, a cant word from con-
 cupiscence.
 Conduct, conductor. *Temp. &c.*
 Coney-catched, deceived, cheat-
 ed.
 Conject, conjecture.
 Consent, used sometimes for
 will. *Mac.*
 Continent, that which contains
 or incloses.
 Contraction, marriage, contract.
 Control, confute. *Temp.*
 Convents, agrees, is convenient.
 Convented, summoned.
 Conventite, a convert.
 Convey, steal, conveyance, theft.
Mer. Wiv. and Hen. VI. 1st
Part.
 Conveyers, thieves *Ibid.*
 Conveyed himself, derived his
 title.
 Convicted, overpowered, baffled,
 destroyed.
 Convive, to feast.
 Copatain hat, a hat with a con-
 cal crown.
 Copped, rising to a top or head.
 Coragio, an exclamation of en-
 couragement.
 Corky, dry, or withered.
 Corollary, surplis, one more
 than enough. *Temp.*
 Corporal, corporeal.
 Corrigible, corrected. *Ant. and*
Cleo.
 Costard, a head.
 Coster-monger, a dealer in costers,
 or costards, a kind of apples.
 Cote, to overtake. *Ham.*
 Couch, to lie with. *Oth.*
 Counter-caster, one who reckons
 by counters.
 Countercheck, an old term in the
 game of chess.
 Counterfeit, sometimes used for
 a portrait.
 Counterpoints, counterpanes.
 County, ancient term for a
 nobleman. *Much Ado. Rom.*
 and *Jul.*
 Courser's-hair, alluding to the
 notion that the hair of a
 horse, dropt into corrupted
 water, will turn to an animal.
Ant. and Cleo.
 Courses, the mainsail and fore-
 sail. *Temp.*
 Court-cupboard, sideboard.
 Cowed, restrained, or made
 cowardly.
 Cover, to sink by bending the
 hams.
 Cowlstaff, a staff for carrying a
 large tub or basket with two
 handles.

nature. *Mac.*
Crambling, *crambling*, applied to
the rush of a river.
Crambs, windings.
Craw, a small trading vessel.
Crash, to be merry over.
Craven, a degenerate, dispirited
cock. Cowardly, to make
cowardly.
Credent, creditable, probable.
Cresset, a light set upon a hea-
con, from *crosses*.
Crisp, curling, winding; or for
crypt, vaulted. *Tim.*
Cron, old worn-out woman.
Cross-gartered, an article of pu-
ritanical dress.
Crow-keeper, a scare-crow.
Crownet, last purpose. *Ant. and*
Cleo.
Crust, worried. *Lea*r. applied
to garters.
Crush, to drink. *Rom. and Jul.*
Cruzado, a Portuguese coin.
Cry, a pack or troop. *Cor.*
Han.
Cub-drawn, i. e. bear, one whose
dogs are drawn dry.
Cuisse, armour for the thighs,
cuisse, *Fr.*
In a becoming skillful in a

Deans, wits, su
Dealing, in d
Deanna, ran
Danberry, con
Day-bed, a coo
Dealt, fought
and Cloo.
Dear, sometim
date, consex
Deary, direful
Debushrd, debu
Dock, of card
1 1 3d Part
Docked, sprin
Decline, as in
through fro
III. &c.
Deem, opulize
and Cres.
Default, in the
Well.
Defeat, to free
ALL's Well.
Defeature, all
Defence, the
you.
Defity, adrob
Delighted, sy
delight. A
Dennis, gram
Dennis, deak

Y.
swords drawn. *Tam*
fox, one which is true
er the ground, and deceiv
e hounds.
ssings, semblances or habi
ents of virtue. *Mea. for Mea.*
ven bed, one for which the
athers are selected by drive
g with a fan.
umble, to act as confused and
tupid.

Ucdame, duc ad me, the
posed burthen of a song.
udgeon, the haft or handle of
a dagger.
ull, gentle soothing. *Hen. IV.*
2d Part.

Dullard, a person stupidly un-
concerned.
Dumbs, makes silent.
Dump, a mournful elegy.
Dung, an obscene word, pro-
bably part of a proverb. *Rom.*
and *Jul.*

Dungy, of dung, earthy.
Dupped, did up, put up, opened.
Durance, some lasting kind of
stuff. *Hen. IV. 1st Part.*

Eager, soar, harsh. *Hen. VI.*
3d Part.

Eankings, lambs just dropt.
Ear, to plough. *Ant. and Cle.*
Ear-kissing, whispering.

Easy, slight, inconsiderable.
Hen. VI. 2d Part. Cor.

Eche, eke out.
Ecstasy, alienation of mind.
Temp. Much Ado. Mac.

Edward shovel-boards, Edward
Vith's shillings, used at shuffle-
board.

Effects, affects, affections. *Mea.*
for *Mea.* Actions. *Ham.*

Estest, or Deftest, readiest.
Eld, old person or persons.
Mer. Wiv. Decrepitude. Mea.
for *Mea.*

Element, initiation, previous
practice. *Hen. VIII.*

Elf, done by elves or fairies.
Elvish marked, marked by elves.
Emballing, being distinguished
by the ball, the emblem of
royalty.

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

E

...and foams at the
mouth, he is said to be em-
bowed. *All's Well*. Swollen,
puffy.

Empiricistick, of an empirical
kind, quackish.

Empery, dominion, sovereign
command.

Emulous, often used in a bad
sense for envious.

Enactures, laws.

Encave, hide.

End, still an end, generally.

Enscoff, to invest with possession.

Engaged, delivered as an hos-
tage. *Hen. IV. 1st Part*.

Engross, to fatten or pamper.
Rich. III.

Engrossments, accumulations.
Hen. IV. 2d Part.

Enkindle, or *kindle*, to stimulate.
Mac. As you.

Enmesh, inclose them all, from
taking birds or fishes with
meshes.

Enow, to force to lie in cover;
term in falconry.

Edged, bordered, or perhaps
enraged. *Lear*.

Enceps, to secure in a safe

ing wonder,

wonder.

Estimate, the re-
value. *Cor.*

Estimation, con-
IV. 1st Part.

Estridges, ostrich

Eterns, eternal.

Even, to make et
sent plain. *Lear*

Even Christian, fell
Mac.

Evils, jakes. *Mea. J*
VIII.

Examined, disputed
All's Well.

Excellent differences,
ed excellencies.

Excrement, the beard
Mer. Ven. Wint.

Excuse, sometimes
employ.

Executors, execution

Exempt, independent
the control of. *C*

Exercise, exhortati
Rich. III.

Exhale, breathe you
V.

Exhibition, alloy
Gene. A.

meddled with. Hen. IV. 2d Part.
Faced, turned up with facings.
Fam. Shrew.
Facinorous, wicked.
Factionary, active. Jul. Cas.
Facility, exercise of power.
Mac.
Fadge, to suit or fit.
Fadings, a dance.
Fain, louch. Hen. VI. 2d Part.
Fair, sometimes for fairness, beauty.
Fasters, traitors, rascals.
Fall, often used as an active verb.
At fall, at an ebb. Tim.
Falsing, a thing that's falsified, or false. Com. Fe.
Falsely, illegally, illegitimately.
Mac. for Mac. Dishonestly, treacherously.
Familiar, a demon. Hen. VI. 2d Part.
Fancies and Goodnights, little poems so called.
Fancy, often used for love.
Fang, to seize, or gripe.
Fanta fiscal, of fancy, or imagination. Mac.
Fantastical, affected, foolish fellows.
Fap, beaten, or drunk.
Far, extensively. Cym.
Far off guilty, guilty in a remote degree.
Farred, stuffed.
Fardel, or *fardel*, a bundle, a burden.
Fashions, the sarcena, or farcy.
Fam. Shrew.
Favour, often for countenance.
Favours, features.
Fear, sometimes to affright.
Fear, danger.
Fear, to turn, to model.
Fear, ready, dexterous.
Federacy, a confederate.

Fence, skill.
Fido, Hen.
Fodary, an
for Hen.
Fornately,
Festival terms,
ology.
Fet, fetched.
Fico, a fig.
Fiddled, in
Fig, to imitate.
File, or list.
Filed, defiled.
Finch egg, a
a finch's egg
gaudy.
Fine, to make
Hen. V.
Finer, for fine
Fine issues,
Fineless,
Fire-drake,
wisp, a
Fire-new,
dew.
Fist, to change
First house,
stunily.
Fistingt,
hit o' the face,
hit o' the nose,
Future, possible
Flay dragon,
stance swain,
Flap jack, a
Flaw, a
Hen. IV. 2d
Fleeced, spotted
ed.
Flect, for flight
Fleshment,
young
when
it.
Firmed,
to bound

Gyre, to catch, to shackle.
Gyres, shackles.

Haggard, a kind of hawk.
Halcyon, a bird, otherwise called the king-fisher. Lear.
Hallidom, sentence at the day of judgment.

Handaxe, corrupted from Horn-shaxe. Ham.
Hangers, that part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended. Ham.

Hardiment, hardness, bravery, stoutness.

Hartock, the name of a plant, probably the hardock.

Harlots, sometimes applied to cheats of the male sex. Com. Ex.

Harlotry, vulgar, filthy.

Harness, armour. Mac. &c.
Harrow, to conquer, to subdue.

Herry, to hurt, to use roughly.

Hetch, to cut, or engrave.

Hewing, estate or fortune.

Hewing, estate or fortune.

robber.
Humming, whistling.
Hunt-cousin, blunder-
less fellow, probably
Hen. IV. 2d Part.

Hunter-up, a morning hunting tune.

Hurly, noise.

Hurtle, to dash, or push violently.

Hyen, hyena.

Jaxning, janting.

Jay, a bad woman. Cym.

Jet-brook, i.e. temper, tempered by being plunged into ice-brook.

Jesses, straps of leather that the foot of a hawk to hold in hand.

Jot, to strut, to walk proudly.

Jonomy, ignominy.

Jig, a ludicrous dialogue.

ire. Ham.

Labere, to lay upon, to

Leamondy, barter.

GLOSSARY.

Imp out, to supply the deficiency, a phrase from falconry.

Impair, suitable to the dignity. *Freel. & Cris.*

Impart, to engage; the modern word is to content one's self.

Impetuous, sometimes used for imperial.

Impetuous, ill perseverant, or perseverant.

Impress, a device, or motto.

Impudens, stained of a flesh colour, or red.

Impulse, embrace.

Incant, fine, or pretty, a term of undecorated.

Incant, to bargain, or article.

Incant, wisdom. *Ch.*

Incant, poured, or formed by nature. *Hum.*

Indurance, delay, procrastination. *Hem. 1. 111*

Inhabit, for inhabit, or to forbid, or decline, as a person refusing a challenge. *Mac.*

Included, included, confined.

Innocent, young, just initiated. *Mac.*

Inborn, born, a book-man.

Inborn, a species of tape, or woven.

Inscribed, engraved.

Inscribe, to fortify.

Intention and *intensity*, for attention, attentively.

Interested, interested.

Intricate, that which cannot be cut.

Intrinsic, intricate, or intricate, revealed.

Inward, sometimes for an intimate.

Journal, daily. *Mac. for Mac.*

Jerk, to make uneasy.

Irregular, lawless, licentious.

Iteration, citation, or repetition.

Jump, sometimes to agree with, to suit.

Justice, a justice.

Junior, a young man.

Knew, a lamp or mass of tallow.

Knew, light-armed soldiers. *See Callow-glass.*

Key-cold, as cold as iron, a key of which is used to stop small bleedings.

Kick-up-daisy, a ludicrous name for a wife.

Kick-up, the place into which cows are put under a stove.

Kirtle, a sort of garment.

Knap, to break short.

Knot, figures into which part of a garden was disposed.

Known, sometimes for been acquainted.

Lead, a name for a courtesan.

Latching, latching backwards and forwards.

Lag, the lag-end. *Tim.*

Lady, ladykin, or little lady.

Laurel, laurel-wood. *Low's Lab.*

Land-damn, probably, to banish from the land.

Land-rakers, wanderers on foot.

Lapsed in time, having suffered time to slip.

Latch, to lay hold of. *Mac.*

Late, delayed, belated.

Latten, latten, thin.

Lavolt, a dance.

Lawn, lawn.

Lay, a wager. *Hem. VI. 2d Part*

Leger, a name for a camp.

Leaving, falsehood.

Leavened, matured, prepared. *Mac. for Mac.*

Leech, physician.

Leer, feature, complexion, or colour.

Leet, court-leet, a petty court of justice.

Leg, obedience to my father. *Hem. II. 1st Part*

Legitimacy, lightness, nimbleness.

Letter, a resident, or resident number-act.

Lesson, a lesson, or instruction.

Lesson, short and sharp.

Leisure, a term borrowed from the old French party.

Leisure, a term borrowed from the old French party.

GLOSSARY.

salads, a secret in-

als, Jack o' lantern.

illegitimate, spurious.

mistaken.

r, displaying, contem-

at intervals, occa-

renewers.

ed, angry, contentious.

e, eyes ready to flow

re.

died or muffled.

artimes for mould.

sometimes for absurd,

pled.

oed.

the month.

the moon.

st, stupid, blockhead.

y, short, momentary.

to make monstrous.

variable.

e stupid or foolish.

I move, wry faces

king.

of the deer, a tunc

uth of the deer.

ounding. As you.

religious, retired,

o.

metimes for puppet,

ows were called mo-

netimes for assistant,

the mole.

as of gold.

etizens an expro sion

ation or disdain.

the drain of a drag-

part of the female

o.

towed, dispirited.

he liquor that raga

mies.

worldly.

it.

amble.

Napless, threadbare.

Nayword, a watchword, or a

byword.

Neb, the mouth.

Nesle, needles.

Neglectum, for neglect.

Nef, fat.

Nether-socks, stockings.

Nest, the eft.

Nest, sometimes for nearest.

Nice, sometimes for dilly, wi-

fling.

Nick, reckoning or count.

To nick, to set the mark of folly

on.

Night-ride, frolic of the night.

Nid. Night.

Nill, shall not. Per.

Nine men's morris, figures cut

out in the turf for a game so

called.

Noble touch, true metal unal-

loyed.

Nones, for the nunes, on purpose.

Non-ride prick, acoutide point

on the dial.

Not-pated, round-headed, cropt.

Necum, a game at three.

Nomle, to nurse a fondling.

Nout, a head.

Nurture, education.

Not hood, a catchpole.

Old-men, the interval between

twelve at night and one in the

morning.

Od's pindus, God's my pity.

Obadi, glances of the eye. Fr.

Oes, circles.

Oyers, probably for owners.

Oyel, a precious stone, of almost

all colours.

Opian, active.

Opium, sometimes for self-con-

cent.

Orks, tury circles. Nid. Night.

Ordinance, rank. Cot.

Orgulous, proud. Fr.

Ortent, orientation or demon-

stration.

Overcous, overcous, through-

over.

Overcracked, whipt, or carved.

... called to best position.

to you,

'er, the membrane
s the substance of a

metimes for to pitch.
hands.

nk, an officious parasite.
ometimes used as a
of contempt.

haved
itched, fixed.
leathern sheath.
d which has lost the hair.
eemed, probably for vied.

illaged.

a pound.

se, red eyes.

, ancially signified a
small burthen.

: box in which con-
waters were kept.

a petticoat.

for, to punish.

openly, free from con-
st. Cor.

d, made of boards or

-, plaitain, or any kind
this subject to the is-

of the moon.

fest, from the *La-*
nd Cleo.

iver money. *Ant. and*

u, plans or schemes.

I. 1st Part.

, gracious, pleasing, p-

ed, folded in each side.

a piece or portion. *On-*
m.

s, to point, exactly com-
etely. *I. 1st P.*

P. 1st
P. 2nd
P. 3rd
P. 4th
P. 5th
P. 6th
P. 7th
P. 8th
P. 9th
P. 10th
P. 11th
P. 12th
P. 13th
P. 14th
P. 15th
P. 16th
P. 17th
P. 18th
P. 19th
P. 20th
P. 21st
P. 22nd
P. 23rd
P. 24th
P. 25th
P. 26th
P. 27th
P. 28th
P. 29th
P. 30th
P. 31st
P. 32nd
P. 33rd
P. 34th
P. 35th
P. 36th
P. 37th
P. 38th
P. 39th
P. 40th
P. 41st
P. 42nd
P. 43rd
P. 44th
P. 45th
P. 46th
P. 47th
P. 48th
P. 49th
P. 50th
P. 51st
P. 52nd
P. 53rd
P. 54th
P. 55th
P. 56th
P. 57th
P. 58th
P. 59th
P. 60th
P. 61st
P. 62nd
P. 63rd
P. 64th
P. 65th
P. 66th
P. 67th
P. 68th
P. 69th
P. 70th
P. 71st
P. 72nd
P. 73rd
P. 74th
P. 75th
P. 76th
P. 77th
P. 78th
P. 79th
P. 80th
P. 81st
P. 82nd
P. 83rd
P. 84th
P. 85th
P. 86th
P. 87th
P. 88th
P. 89th
P. 90th
P. 91st
P. 92nd
P. 93rd
P. 94th
P. 95th
P. 96th
P. 97th
P. 98th
P. 99th
P. 100th

GLOSSARY.

Point-douze, exactly. *Fr.*

Pouss, weight or moment.

Polack, an inhabitant of Poland.

Politic regard, a sly look.

Polled, bared or cleared.

Pomander, a perfumed ball worn in times of infection.

Pomewater, a species of apple.

Poor John, hake, dried and salted.

Poppingay, a parrot.

Port, show or appearance. *Tam. Shew.*

Portage, open space, or safe arrival at a port.

Portance, carriage.

Possess, sometimes for to make understand.

Potch, to push roughly or violently.

Potents, potentates.

Poulter, poulterer.

Powder box, a box cut with open work. *Fr.*

Prank, to adorn, to deck out.

Precision, one who pretends to great sanctity.

Preaches, breeched, flogged.

Prenominate, already named.

Pricks, a buck of the second year.

Prig, to fish.

Prime, sprightliness of youth. *All's Well.*

Primer, more important.

Primero, a game at cards.

Princeps, a cockcomb or pet.

Probab, probable.

Proface, much good may it do you. *Ital.*

Rufane, sometimes, free of speech, talkative.

rustaten, end and purpose of something.

elicious, coy, distant.

oupeurs, suggestion, instigation.

us, humble or prompt. *Mea. r Mea.*

urians, the necessities of a wife.

ud, provender.

t, sometimes for to plume.

ur *cata* *uried* *for* *avach*

Pute, colour between russet and black.

Pux, to pound. *Trogl. and Gres.*

Pussel, a low wench.

Putter-out, one who puts out his money on interest or other advantage.

Pustock, a mean species of hawk.

Quail, to shuk, to faint.

Quaint, fantastically dressed. *Mer Wiv.*

Quatred, thrown into trepidation.

Quarry, the game after it is killed.

Quart d'ecu, fourth part of a French crown.

Quat, as a an angry blockhead.

Queasy, suspicious, unsettled.

Quell, sometimes, to murder.

Queller, a murderer.

Quens, reports. *Mea. for Mea.*

Quest, pursuit. *Leur.*

Question, sometimes, conversation.

Quastring, one who goes in search of another.

Quadders, subtleties.

Quill, in the quill, written. *Hex. VI 2d Part.*

Quillers, evasions, chicanery.

Quintain, a post or butt set up.

Quips, hasty, passionate reproaches and scots.

Quired, played in concert.

Quir, sometimes, to requite.

Quittance, return of injuries or favours.

Quiver, nimble, active.

Quote, sometimes, to observe or regard.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck.

Rabbit-rucker, a young rabbit.

Race of heaven, something descended from heaven, heavenly.

Race, a single race.

Rack, the last fleeting vision of the highest clouds.

Torack, to harass by exactions.

Rain, for rain. *Ant. and Cleon.*

Rampellum, a ramping. *Lat.*

Ravin, to devour.
Reached, reached.
Rashly, without preparation,
 suddenly, hastily.
Rayed, bewrayed.
Raze, a bale.
Recheat, a horn, a tune to call
 the dogs back.
Reck, to care for.
Reckless, careless.
Recorders, a kind of flute.
Red-lattice phrases, alehouse con-
 versation, from the form of the
 doors and windows.
Red plague, the erysipelas, St.
 Anthony's fire.
Resoly, discoloured by smoke.
Rials, probably for wheels.
Ant. and Cleo.
Refel, to confute.
Regrat, exchange of salutation.
Reguerdon, recompense, return.
Remoras, sometimes used for
 pity.
Remotion, removal from place
 to place, shifting.
Remues, journeys, stages.
Render, sometimes, to describe.
Renega, to renounce.
Repair, generally signifies to
 renovate.
Repents, recalls. *Oth.*
Reports, reporters. *Ant. and
 Cleo.*
Revered, confutation. *Hen. IV.*

Red, to destroy -
Raft, to split.
Raggish, wanton.
Ragot, a circle.
Ram, probably a ca-
 money. *Hen. V.*
Ranged, encircled.
Rivage, the bank o
Rivalry, equal ran
Rivals, equals. *H*
Rive, to discharge
Romage, tumultuo
Ronyon, a scab,
 person.
Road, the cross.
Roady, abounding
Ropetricks, rog
 abusive languag
Ropery, roguery.
Roundel, a circula
Roundure, a circ
Rouse, a drug
 carousal.
Royal, or *real*,
 value of ten sh
Royally *attorne*
 plied by sub
 basica.
Roynish, mang
Ruddock, the r
Ruffle, to be m
Ruffling, bustli
Rule, method o
Rump-fed, fed
 for rush

...g, measure or proportion.
Scarfed, decorated with flags.
Scath, destruction, harm.
Scence, the head, or a kind of fortification.
Scotch, to bruise or crush.
Scrimers, fenceers. *Fr.*
Scroyles, scabby fellows.
Scrubbed, stunted, shrub-like, or short and dirty.
Sculls, shoals of fish.
Scum, lard.
Seamels, a bird.
Seamy side without, inside out.
Sear, dry.
Sear, to close up.
Seal, to sew up.
Seeling, blinding.
Seld, for seldom.
Seemably, in resemblance, alike.
Seniery, seniority.
Sennet, a flourish on cornets.
Sence, sometimes for reason and natural affection.
Septentrion, the North.
Sequence, of degree, methodically.
Sey, dry, withered.
Sey, a kind of cotton

the game of t
Mer. Wis.
Shoght, a species
Shoulder clapper, a
Shrewd, sometimes
 bitter.
Shrift, confession.
Shrive, to call to call
Side, purpose or
Leas.
Siege, a stool, or pet
Sieve, a common void
 and *Cras*.
Sightless, unsightly.
Sights, i. e. of steel
 forated part of the
Single, sometimes a
 little.
Sister, to imitate or re
Sith, and *sichness*, sin
Sines, allowances. *Le*
Skin's mates, kin's or
Skull, reason. *Wint.*
Skills not, is of no use
Skinker, a tapster; for
 drink.
Skirr, to scour.
Slave, to treat with
Leas.
Slane, ~~some~~

Sortal, a deer during his third year.

Sort, to choose out.

Sorts, different degrees or kinds.

Sort and suit, figure and rank.

Sot, fool. *Fr.* *Mer* *Wro.*

Soured garnet, a gudgeon, a term of reproach.

Soud, sweet, or an exclamation denoting weariness. *Lam.*

Shrew

Shwle to drag down.

Solter, the name of a board.

Spunked, dogged.

Speak parrot, to act childishly and foolishly.

Speak holiday, i. e. words, curiously and affectedly chosen.

Speculation, for sight. *Mnc.*

Speculations, instruments, the eyes. *Oak.*

Speed, fate or event. *Wint.*

Tale

Sperr, to stir.

Spill, to destroy. *Lear.*

Splash, often for hurry, or tumultuous speed.

Spotted, wicked.

Spring, ready, alert.

Swishhead, haunted.

Servage, the after. *Fr.*

Stickler, one part the pure. *Fr.*

Stigmatical, stigmatised.

Still, sometimes continual.

Sully, gladden.

Stouted, stopped.

Stout, sound.

Stubbied, for auvil.

Stoccato, a stab.

Stock, sometimes

Stomach, sometimes

Stone-bow, and

Stover, hay

Stracky, or

Strait, narrow

Straiten, to

Straiten, to

package *um* conveys necessities.
superfluous, overclothed. *All*;
Well. living in abundance.
Lear.
cease, cessation, stop.
reigned, over-ridden.
part, or *swart*, black or dark brown.
pushing, imposing, bullying.
task, the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the scythe.
way, weight or momentum.
Jul. Cas.
weltered, weltered.
ring-bucklers, rakes or rioters.
wounded, swooned.

able, the palm of the hand extended, a picture.
ibles, books of ivory for memorandums.
bourines, small drums.
ren order, taken measures.
ig, the vulgar populace. *Cor*.
unt, corruption or disgrace.
ike, i. e. a house, to go into a house. *Com. Er*.
ike, sometimes, to strike with lameness or disease.

Teichy, touchy, peevish.
Tether, a string by which an animal is fastened.
Tharborough, third of peace officer.
Theorick, theory.
Thews, muscular strength appearance of man.
Thick-pleached, thick woven.
Thill, or *fill*, the shaft or waggon.
Thin helm, thin coat of hair. *Lear*.
Thought, sometimes *choly*.
Thrasonical, insolently from *Thrase*, a brag of Terence.
Thread, sometimes for *Three-pile*, rich velvet.
Thrift, a state of poverty. *Cym*.
Thrummed, made of the end of the weaver's shuttle.
Tib, a nickname for *Tibb*.
Tickle, sometimes for *Tickle-brain*, the name of strong liquor.
Tilley-valley, an interlude of contempt.

Trucks, the festoons, the grates.
Toward and towards, sometimes,
 instead of readiness.
Tops, sometimes for whims,
 freaks.
Toss, to unravel, to close ex-
 amine.
Trace, sometimes, to follow or
 succeed in.
Trail, the scent left by the pas-
 sage of the game.
Trammel, to catch; *trammel* is
 a species of net.
Tramont, probably some kind
 of ferry, dam, or sluice. *After*
Ven.
Translate, sometimes for to
 change or transform.
Track, to cut away the super-
 fluities, or to check; a phrase
 in hunting.
Traverse, an ancient military
 word of command.
Traversed, i. e. arms, arms
 across.
Trap-trip, a kind of game at
 tables or draughts.
Trachers, traitors.
Trenched, cut or carved. *Fr.*
Trick, sometimes for a pec-
 liarity of feature..
Trick, to dress out.
Tricky, clever, adroit.
Trigon, Aries, Leo, and Sagit-

trumpet. *It en*
Tapped, then very
 rain.
Turlygood, for the
 beggar.
Turquoise, a spec-
 stone, supposed
 with extraordi-
Twangling Jack,
 cian.
Trigger-bottle, a
 type, limited, or
Hen. VIII.
Udd, sometimes
 to let fall down.
Valenced, fringed
Validity, sometimes
Vanity, an illu-
Luxury, opport-
Vanbrace, arm
Fr
Vast, sometimes
 dreary.
Vault, the vault
 before, or the
Vaward, the for-
Velure, velvet.
Venetian, adm-
 admitted from
Venus, a box
 school
Veneys, veneys
Vent, rumour.

<p> <i>Unavoided</i>, unavoidable. <i>Rich.</i> <i>II.</i> <i>Unbarbed</i>, bare, uncovered, heardless. <i>Unbated</i>, i. e. sword not blunted as foils are. <i>Ham.</i> <i>Unbitted</i>, unbridled. <i>Unbought</i>, without any addi- tion from dignities. <i>Oct.</i> <i>Unbreathed</i>, unexercised, un- practised. <i>Uncap</i>, a term in hunting, to stop every hole before the fox is uncaped or turned out of the bag. <i>Uncharged</i>, unattacked. <i>Tim.</i> <i>Ath.</i> <i>Unclew</i>, to unwind, to ruin. <i>Uncoined</i>, unrefined, unadorn- ed. <i>Ham. V.</i> <i>Unconfirmed</i>, unpractised in the ways of the world, not hardened. <i>Undercraft</i>, a phrase from he- raldry, to wear beneath the crest. <i>Unfactual</i>, i. e. fire, shining without heat. <i>Ham.</i> <i>Unexpressive</i>, inexpressible. <i>At</i> <i>you.</i> <i>Ingenious...</i> </p>	<p> <i>extreme</i> <i>to their purpose</i> <i>Unattached</i>, inco- herent. <i>Untempered</i>, not tempered, not pre- pared. <i>Untraded</i>, untraded. <i>Unvalued</i>, invalu- able. <i>III.</i> <i>Upstart</i>, upstart. <i>Use and manner</i>, so many. <i>Ux</i>, a merry festi- val. <i>Utterance</i>, the utter- ance. <i>Cym. II.</i> <i>Wast</i>, to beckon. <i>I</i> <i>Ham.</i> <i>Wage</i>, sometimes, to ward, to fight. <i>Wan'd</i>, probably so decayed, or in the w and <i>Ulen</i> <i>Wanned</i>, pale, made <i>Wanton</i>, so methinks feebly and effeminate <i>Wappened</i>, probably de- diseased. <i>Ward</i>, defence, a phre- art of defence. <i>Warder</i>, a guard or sent <i>Warden</i>, a species of lo-... </p>
--	--

WHEELS, various names.

Whances, from *whells*, protuberances, a small shell-fish.

Whether, often for *whether*.

Where, sometimes for *whereas*.

Whistler, an officer who walked in procession.

Whites, until *Twel. Night*.

Whipstock, the carter's whip.

Whirring, hurrying away.

Whist, being silent. *Temp.*

Whiting time, henching time.

Whitners, bleachers of linen.

Whistle, a pocket clasp knife.

Whorping, measure and reckoning. *As you.*

Wimpled, hooded, or veiled, from *wimple*, a hood.

Winchester goose, a strumpet, the stews were formerly licensed by the bishop of Winchester.

Winking-gates, gates hastily closed from fear of danger.

Winnowed, sifted, examined.

Wis, to know.

Wish, sometimes, to recommend or desire.

Wits, sometimes for senses.

Witold-cuckold, one who knows himself a cuckold, and is contented.

Woolman, as a wolf in sheep's
Clo.

Woolward, clothed rather naked.

Worts, the ancient kinds of cabbage.

Wot, to know.

Wrack, resentment.

Wrest, an instrumenting up the strita

a help. *Temp.*

Wrested pomp, put by violence.

Wrinkled, wrinkle.

Wrought, worked.

Wrying, deviating.

Yare, handy, nimbly.

Yearn, to grieve.

Yark, to kick.

Yazy, tossing.

Zang, a balloon drew.

Zealous, pious, religion. *Rel.*

Zed, a term of letter Z is not originally Te.

BOOKS,
PRINTED BY C. WHITTING
AND SOLD BY CARPENTER AND SON, OLD BOY
J. CARR, AND GALE, CURTIS, AND FENNER, PA
ROW; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY;
HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE; R. JENNI
TRY; AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS
From the most eminent British Poets
In Six Cabinet Volumes, embellished with Twelve
Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard, Westall, Coc
Price 17. 10s. in Boards.

ALSO,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS,
From the most eminent Prose Writers
In Six Cabinet Volumes, embellished in a manner corre
ing with the above. Price 17. 10s. in Boards.
Few more.

D ENGLISH
Quarto, Price 15s. each; or, on
er, 14. 6s. each.

HISTORY
OF
AMUEL RICHARDSON,
Series of Letters.
SEVEN VOLUMES
in One Royal Octavo Volume;
FRONTISPIECE BY STOTHARD.
One Guinea in Boards.

As the judgment of Dr. Johnson, that the
books were not only the best Nove's, but
Public, as combining in an eminent degree
Cheapness, Elegance, and Utility.

THE
OF JOANNES SECUNDUS,
AND
Essay on his Life and Writings.
Price 1s. 6d. sewed.

BIO

Memoirs of
and Per
Principally

In One

Dr, t

WIT

An Account of
EM
PORT

A
NARRATIVE
OF THE
VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD
PERFORMED BY
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.

*The First, in the Years 1768, 1769, 1770, and 1771.
The Second, in the Years 1772, 1773, 1774, and 1775
The Third, in the Years 1776, 1777, 1778, and 1779.*

WITH AN
**Account of his Life, during the previous
intervening Periods.**

BY ANDREW KIPPIS, D.D. F.R.S. AND
In Two neat Cabinet Volumes. Price 8s. in Boards.

THE
BIOGRAPHICAL EXEMPLAR

COMPRISING
**Memoirs of Persons who have risen to Eminence, by
and Perseverance, in the beneficial Occupations of
Principally designed for the Incitement and Improvement
YOUTH.**

In One Volume, 12mo. Price 6s. in Boards.

RUSSIA;
Or, the Crisis of Europe.

A POEM.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES,

AND

An Account of the Russian Soldiers and C

**EMBELLISHED WITH A BEAUTIFUL
PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR ALEX**

Octavo. Price 6s. Boards.

HITTINGHAM.

ES.

GAY.

th Ninety Wood Cuts.
Boards.

embellished with Eighty
6d. in Boards.

TABLES.

One Hundred and Eleven Wood
ston. Price 9s. in Boards.

OF RASSELAS,
Abyssinia,

TALE.

JOHNSON, LL.D.

Price 3s. 6d. in Boards.

IO FURIOSO.

Heroic Poem,

ssed into a connected Narrative,

THE ITALIAN OF

CO ARIOSTO,

JOHN HOOLE.

Price 5s. in Boards.

an appropriate companion to Mr.
Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered,' lately
size, and is also embellished with a
nd Frontispiece, from the Designs of
Angelica Kauffman, of the Royal

The N

VARIOUS

in One Vo
N. B. A Beat P

THE

ISA

With a beautiful
Warren from the
the Royal Acad
2s. 6d. in Boards

Books printed by C. WHITTINGHAM.

NIGHT THOUGHTS,

AND A

Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job.

BY

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, BY DR. JOHNSON.

One handsome Volume, Octavo, Price 12s. in Boards,
with a Portrait, engraved by Schiavonetti.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE;

A TREATISE,

SHewing

The Nature and Benefit of that important Science,
AND THE WAY TO ATTAIN IT.

INTERMIXED WITH

VARIOUS REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS ON HUMAN
NATURE.

BY JOHN MASON, A. M.

In One Volume, Octavo. Price 8s. 6d. in Boards.

. B. A neat Pocket Edition is also just printed, Price 2s. 6d.
in Boards.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

*With a beautiful Frontispiece and Vignette, Engraved by
Watts from two most beautiful Drawings by Mr. Wenzel, of
the Royal Academy. in One neat Pocket Volume. Price*

INTERCEPTED

OR,

The Penny Post-Box.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, TRIFLES REPRINTED

By THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER

Fourteenth Edition, with Additions. Price 5s. 6d. in

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE,**

WITH AN

Account of his Travels round Three Parts of the World

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Embellished with Wood Cuts, drawn and engraved by

In Two Volumes, small Octavo. Price 12s. in

AN INQUIRY,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS OF





